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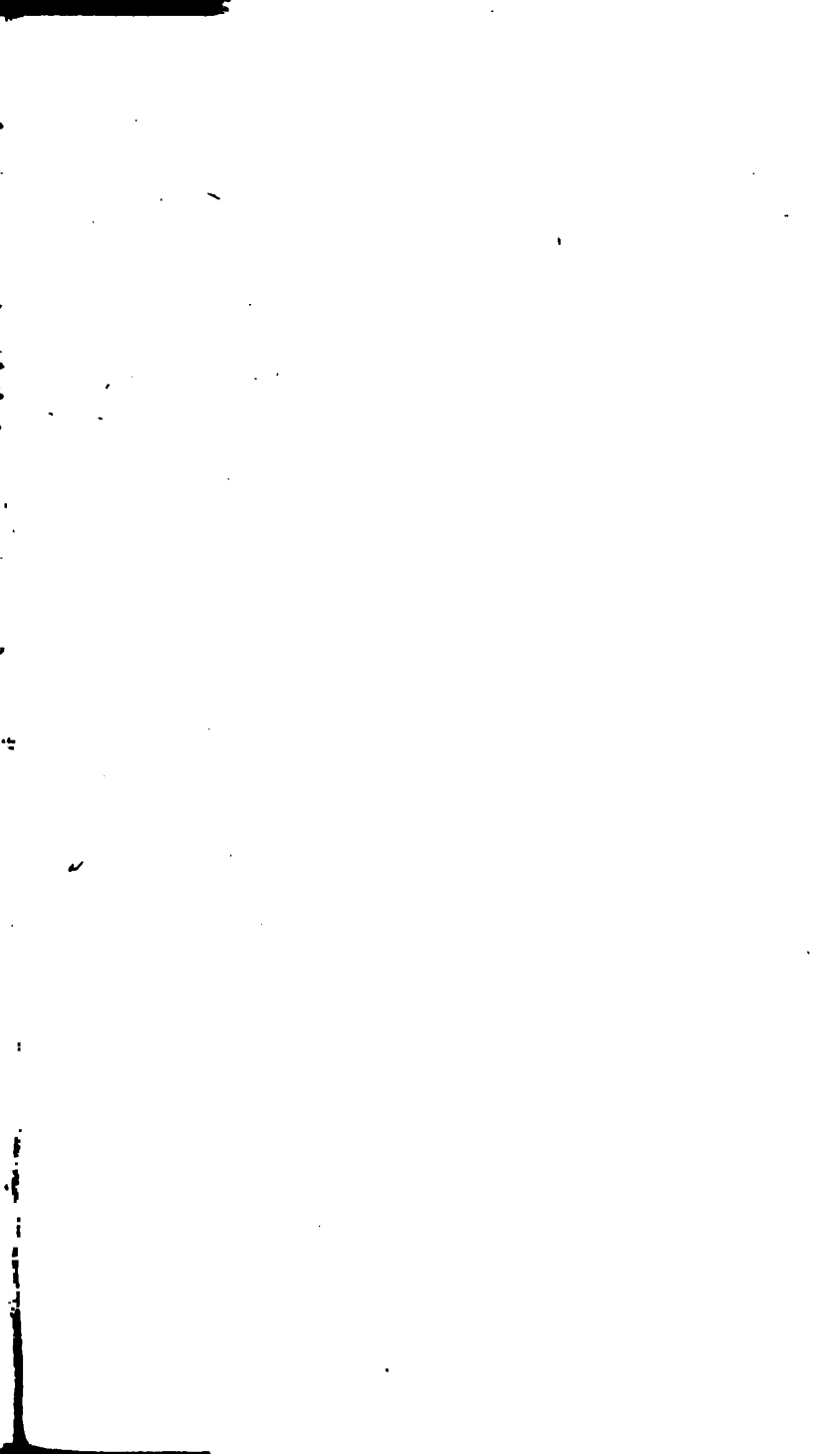
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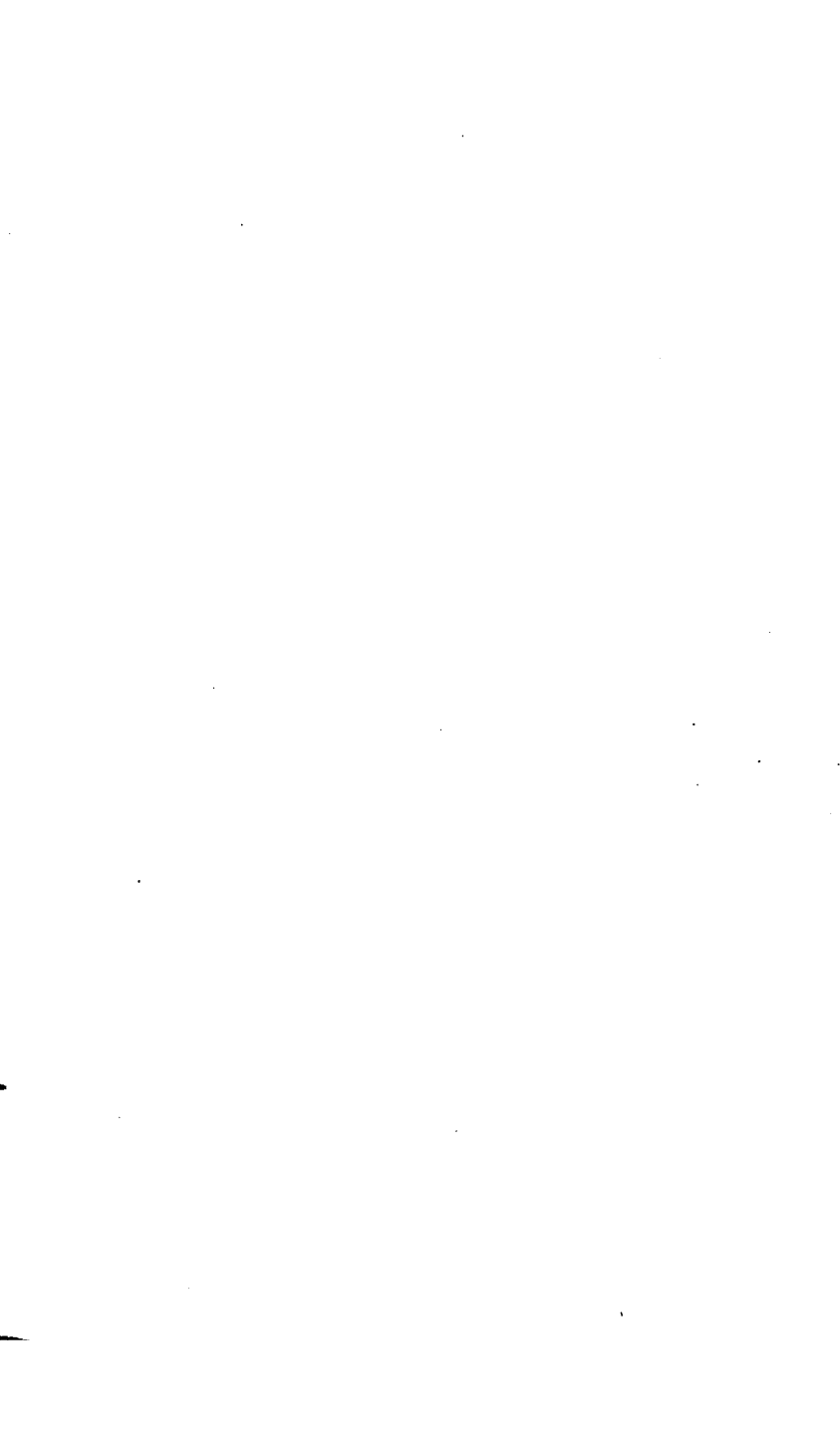


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[By Edward Smedley.]



C 1570

2

Few Verses.

English and Latin.

" CH' IO TORNI
AD ALTRA VITA, ED A PIU BELLE IMPRESE."

Petrarca.

London:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES CAWTHORN,
BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
24, COCKSPUR-STREET.

~~~~~  
1812.

“ αμφι δ' Αθηνη

Πολλην ηερα χευει, Φιλα Φρονηουσ' Οδυση,

Μητις Φαιακων μεγαθυμων αντιβολησας

Κερτομιοι τ' εκτεισσι, ΚΑΙ ΕΞΕΡΕΟΙΘ' ΟΤΙΣ ΕΙΗ.”

Οδ. Η. 15.

“ Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,  
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;  
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,  
Insulting still, inquisitive, and loud.”

POPE. *Odys. VII. 26.*

---

W. WILSON, PRINTER,

4, GREVILLE-STREET, HATTON-GARDEN, LONDON.



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56268  
few

## Preface.

*THE* public may not feel much interested in the history of the deceased friend, from whose port-folio I have drawn these "Few Verses;" but there is a kind of communication which bespeaks good humour from all GENTLE readers, and I have always thought better of a book when it's author has previously condescended to make himself my companion for a few pages.

I would have prefixed my friend's name to this little volume, but it would have done no good. "You did not know him, sir—nor indeed did you, madam;" they were not many whom he knew, and, from the bottom of my heart, I do not think any body, but myself, KNEW him. Not that he shunned society, or affected reserve; but there was about him a certain constitu-

tional waywardness and irregularity, which distanced common sense as effectually as solitude or artifice could have done. From the time he was fifteen, the wise shook their heads, and declared that "no good would ever come of him."

He died too early to verify their kind opinion, but perhaps he has left to me the fulfilment of their prophecy. If he did no good, I, at least, never saw much harm in him ; but then it is a sad thing that "young men will not know their own interest, and be friends to themselves."

His tastes and pursuits may be gathered with more precision from his verses, than from any thing which I can say of him. His friends SOMETIMES believed that nature had not been a harsh or sparing mother ; but they ALWAYS good-humouredly added, that he managed "to throw away whatever talents he might possess :"  
and for himself, he never cared to disprove their assertion. They would allow him playfulness, but it was a pity he should be so "frivolous ;" he might have some elegance, but he could not help being sadly deficient in "sound acquirement :"  
for they would talk something

about the Corinthian column, which lost all its strength and utility through excess of ornament. Once, indeed, somebody did call him "erudite;" but it was plainly a mistake, and he laughed at it heartily.

*I never knew him otherwise than "in love," as it is called; indeed it seemed the state of feverish being for which nature had expressly fashioned him. That he was not very successful may be inferred from the plaintive tone which rings through most of his amatory verses. His life afforded no striking events, for his walk was too humble, and too brief; yet he always told me that he thought one season of it might afford groundwork for a story of some interest: how far he would himself have ventured to tell it, I know not; and it is not for me to revive what is now dead with him.*

*His Muse does not appear to have been very prolific: I have published nearly all he wrote, excepting the translation of a Latin poem of considerable length, which, if these minor verses get out of the bookseller's hands, may perhaps succeed them. Though he finished so little, I believe he was always writing, or at least THINKING poetically. The roof of a stage coach was his favourite*

*seat of composition, and an old gravel pit, in the glebe of his father's vicarage, furnished many a stanza, till the squire of the parish dug it down.*

*Among his papers I found a few copies of Latin verses, in a different hand writing; they certainly are not his own, but they are, in my opinion, too good to be lost, and I have subjoined them, distinguished by an asterisk. I suspect their author, and wish he would have given me more; but it is one of the privileges of genius to be unjust to itself, under the mask of perverseness to others.*

# Contents.

|                                                       | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>T</b> HE Muse .....                                | 1    |
| <b>G</b> enius .....                                  | 4    |
| <b>T</b> he Far Off Land .....                        | 8    |
| <b>T</b> he Violet .....                              | 11   |
| <b>T</b> hames flows far sweeter than the Clyde ..... | 13   |
| <b>T</b> he Gentle Flower .....                       | 16   |
| <b>T</b> he Anniversary .....                         | 18   |
| <b>H</b> ope .....                                    | 21   |
| <b>T</b> his is not Love .....                        | 24   |
| <b>D</b> eath .....                                   | 27   |
| <b>T</b> he Dream .....                               | 30   |
| <b>R</b> eason .....                                  | 33   |
| <b>S</b> ong .....                                    | 38   |
| <b>F</b> lora .....                                   | 40   |
| <b>P</b> alinodia .....                               | 42   |

|                                                                   |           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>An Apology for Loving Often .....</b>                          | <b>45</b> |
| <b>A Reason for Loving One Only .....</b>                         | <b>48</b> |
| <b>The Return .....</b>                                           | <b>52</b> |
| <b>Epitaph .....</b>                                              | <b>55</b> |
| <b>Ad Amicum .....</b>                                            | <b>56</b> |
| <b>In Favonium Threnodia .....</b>                                | <b>58</b> |
| <b>Amor Perennis .....</b>                                        | <b>60</b> |
| <b>Amicitiae Vis .....</b>                                        | <b>61</b> |
| <b>Anacreontis ad Columbam .....</b>                              | <b>62</b> |
| <b>Academia Puellaris .....</b>                                   | <b>64</b> |
| <b>Carmen Anglicum Gualteri Scott Latinè red-<br/>ditum .....</b> | <b>66</b> |

## POEMS.

---

### The Muse.

#### I.

**S**MALL his reward for long and weary pain,  
Save what himself can on himself bestow,  
And little guerdon is the Poet's gain :  
Few are the kindred breasts which seem to know  
The holy raptures of the soul's full glow.  
The freezing breath of cold and languid praise  
Nips in their birth the fairest flowers that blow :  
Vain task those plants to rear in wintry days,  
Which scarce their buds unfold beneath Spring's  
warmest rays.

## II.

For gentle and retiring is the Muse,  
 Unfit the thorny path of life to tread ;  
 Nurs'd in the wanton sun and heav'n's own dews,  
 How shall she lift her sad and drooping head  
 Where the dim fogs of earth's chill desert spread ?  
 The silent plaudit of one willing smile,  
 Which from affection's anxious lip is shed,  
 The eye which chastens, yet approves the while,—  
 These seeks the timid Muse, and these her course  
 beguile.

## III.

Such, dear inspirer of my early rhyme,  
 Such was the kindling praise I drew from thee :  
 Oft pass'd th' uncounted day in mingled chime  
 Of flowing undivided colloquy,  
 On all the lore of either pdesy ;  
 While thou wouldst bid the Muse, who idly stray'd,  
 And pour'd her matin warblings listlessly,  
 Her scatter'd blossoms in one chaplet braid,  
 And draw the violet forth from the dark poppy shade.



## IV.

Then what sweet hope would rush upon my sight !

What joyous visions my rapt sense illumine !

Of everlasting fame, and promise bright

Of those immortal flow'rs which love to bloom,

Breathing rich odour round the Poet's tomb !

Oh ! may I from death's still and shadowy wing

Snatch half my being, and avoid the gloom

Which o'er forgotten names time hastes to fling !

Those not ignobly die, who not ignobly sing !

## Genius.

### I

**V**AIN is to me the low and mourning breeze,  
Which swells the requiem of departed day,  
Pouring sad music through the quiv'ring trees ;  
Vain are the far off sounds which die away,  
And round mine ear in ling'ring murmurs play.  
Chaste, tranquil eve ! thy sweet and solemn rest  
Alone could never wake the slumb'ring lay ;  
Much nobler call, and far more high behest,  
Must fan the secret flame, and rouse the heav'n-born  
guest !

## II.

What shall I call thee? thou, whose placid eye  
     First on the cradle of my boyhood fell,  
 And stamp'd my future doom in infancy!  
     Thou, who first shew'd me that aerial cell,  
     Where, far from mortal ken, the Muses dwell!  
 There, ever and anon, a wayward child,  
     I tried to build the rhyme I lov'd so well;  
 With song the hours of idleness beguil'd,  
 Pour'd many an uncouth strain, and o'er its rudeness  
     smil'd.

## III.

For much of tourneys, and of barons bold,  
     Of spell-wrought feat, I knew, and mystic lore;  
 Of Him who to th' accurs'd his being sold,  
     And Him, the matchless wizard, whom of yore  
     To the foul fiend an earthly mother bore;  
 Nor less could tell the wand'rings of that knight  
     Who from the monster's fangs his leman tore;  
 Thrice sank the wond'ring day-star on their fight,  
 And thrice the charmed flood restor'd his fallen might.

## IV.

Whence is thy secret power, sweet Poesy ;  
 The hidden spell that binds my soul so strong ?  
 Why 'mid my sorrows can I fly to thee,  
 And, rapt in holy mysteries of song,  
 Forget the cares which to dull earth belong ?  
 It is not He, the bard of courtly ears,  
 Nurs'd 'mid the busy hum and flaunting throng,  
 That swells my hopes, and solaces my fears ;  
 What though he raise my smile, he cannot soothe my  
 tears !

## V.

The polish'd numbers of the \* grotto shade  
 Touch no respondent string of grief or joy ;  
 At other founts, my weary course is stay'd,  
 † Where, 'neath her moss-grown cell, the Naiad coy  
 Wells forth the spring, unstain'd by art's alloy ;

\* Since these lines were written, the grotto shade has ceased to exist  
 —Amissem quærimus invidi.

† ----- Quanto præstantius esset  
 Numen aquæ, viridi si margine cinxerat undas  
 Herba, nec ingenuum violarant marmora tophum.

To other days the rhymes I love belong,  
 (Those lofty rhymes may no rude hand destroy)  
 Where truth is twin'd the faery wreath among,  
 Fierce wars and faithful loves, the moral and the song.

## VI.

Still, e'en in dawning manhood's riper age,  
 These elder minstrels bid my bosom glow ;  
 Oft will they lure me to their magic page,  
 And viewless forms and airy fabrics show,  
 And teach me shapes of other worlds to know ;  
 And while I hear their inexpressive strain,  
 Far fly the charm-bound fiends of earthly woe :  
 Ah! ne'er may reason stretch her chilling reign,  
 Unbind this " silken tye," or break this " silver  
 chain !"

THE

## Far Off Land.



----- ERIT QUAM, SI PROPIUS STES,  
TE CAPIET MAGIS; ET QUÆDAM, SI LONGIUS ABSTES.

THE rock, and wood, and field, and stream,  
Are flickering 'neath the sunny beam ;  
Above me is the heav'n of blue,  
Beneath the boundless ocean's hue ;  
O'er sea, and shore, and moss, and steep,  
The pleasure-wafting breezes sweep ;  
And onward nothing meets the eye,  
Save yonder gallant argosy,  
Stretching, scarce seen, its lingering way  
Beyond the forkings of the bay.

How lovely all ! how passing fair !  
 Safely the travell'd man might swear  
 That nought his wand'ring eyes had seen  
 So mild, so tranquil, so serene.  
 And yet, with fond and eager view,  
 I turn, and other course pursue ;  
 Catching, beyond the sea-girt strand,  
 Dark glimmerings of a distant land,  
 Mountains which fancy scarce can shape,  
 Bold rock, and far projecting cape,  
 And earth so mingled with the sky,  
 'Twere hard to tell the boundary.

I know not if that far off land  
 Be some accurs'd and desart strand,  
 Where o'er the mountain's summit bleak  
 No sounds but of the tempest speak,  
 And the wild ocean's raving tide  
 Lashes its never trodden side ;  
 Perhaps that country of the storm  
 Ne'er view'd the port of human form ;  
 Perhaps it lies unsought, unknown,  
 Some burning or some frozen zone :

Yet 'mid the soft and tranquil scene  
 Of sea, and sky, and forest green,  
 I reckon not these, but inly sigh  
 That unacquainted coast to try.

Oh ! if some cherish'd hopes destroy  
 The tenor of thy present joy,  
 And bid thee with inquiring view  
 The onward vale of life pursue,  
 Where on the shadowy distance move  
 Fair undistinguish'd forms of love,  
 And round the dim horizon press  
 Imagin'd shapes of happiness ;  
 Yet, stay awhile ! thine eye has stray'd  
 To scenes which, view'd more closely, fade ;  
 Take what thy pow'r may now command,  
 All onward is—the far off land !



## The Violet.

### I.

**T**HE lengthen'd sand, the desert tract of life,  
 Which bears no landmark but a drear old age,  
 No waters but the troubled stream of strife  
 To cheer us on our weary pilgrimage,  
 And passion's fev'rish calenture assuage;  
 Ah! who can look on this, and bless the day  
 Which bade him in these scenes of woe engage!  
 No, rather let him early steal away,  
 And stop his course ere yet he falls, misfortune's prey!

## II.

And yet there are some thinly scatter'd flowers,  
 Which bud and blossom in this tainted air ;  
 Nurs'd by the mildèr gales and softer showers,  
 The Violet rears her maiden honours there,  
 Far from the haunts to which rude steps repair.  
 Sweet flower ! I love thy modest secrecy,  
 And ever in my garland thee will bear ;  
 Still unregarded by the idler lie,  
 But still thy charms reveal to one adoring eye !

## III.

Oh ! let me find thy rich and purpled flower  
 There where thou liest, in some sequester'd vale ;  
 And I will shield thee from the wintry hour,  
 And bear thee to my garden's quiet pale,  
 And hide thy buds where no rude storms assail ;  
 Then round the moss-grown stone I'll bid thee twine,  
 Teach thee, at nightfall clos'd, the sun to hail,  
 And watch thy silent growth with careful eyne :  
 Oh ! come to me, sweet flower, and let me call thee  
 mine !

# Thames

Flows

Far sweeter than the Clyde.

## I.

I WISH my steps were southward bent,  
And turn'd again to love and Thee ;  
For, doom'd to this drear banishment,  
How can my struggling heart be free !  
I count the hours, which on their way  
For ever seem condemn'd to last ;  
How slowly moves the coming day !  
How long, how weary was the past !

## II.

The lasses shun me, they suppose  
     My heart is selfish, dull, and cold ;  
 They little see the flame which glows  
     For Her whose name is never told ;  
 They do not hear the sigh which steals  
     In secret anguish from my breast ;  
 They cannot know the pang he feels,  
     Whose woe is to himself repress.

## III.

They lead me to the birks so fair,  
     They lead me to the hawthorn sheen ;  
 Alas ! the meads, when Thou art there,  
     And only then, to me are green.  
 If down the tufted bank I stray,  
     Which overhangs the western tide,  
 An inward whisper seems to say,  
     “Thames flows far sweeter than the Clyde.”

## IV.

Oh! wilt Thou, when we meet again,  
 Smile through thy tears of joy, and say,  
 " I too have borne my share of pain,  
 " And linger'd on through many a day :  
 " Since last thy tears were mix'd with mine,  
 " No glow this blushing cheek has known ;  
 " These eyes have caught no glance since thine,  
 " This breast has heav'd for thee alone."

## V.

Haste, haste, ye hours ! if thus meet,  
 Ye cannot fly too fast for love :  
 How dull and leaden are your feet !  
 How laggard is the pace ye move !  
 I count the moments on their way,  
 Which seem condemn'd for aye to last ;  
 How slow appears the rising day !  
 How long, how weary was the last !

ene

**Gentle Flower.**

I.

**W**HEN Summer skies are past, and gone  
The early sun, and lengthen'd day;  
Then home again my steps shall turn,  
And blithely to the south away.  
For though the rose may then be fled,  
The daisy wither'd on the lea;  
There blows, when all these flowers are dead,  
A fairer flower than all for me.

## II.

By yonder distant stream it blows,  
A gentle, wee, and modest flower ;  
There's none so fair or sweet that grows  
By any stream, in any bower.  
The dew that sparkled on its stem,  
When last I saw it drooping down,  
Was lovelier than a monarch's gem,  
Was richer than a monarch's crown.

## III.

For oh ! that flower, that gentle flower,  
Is she that's dearest to my heart ;  
And on it's stem that dewy shower,  
The tears she shed when forc'd to part.  
I would not waste its sweets, or tear  
Its blossoms from the mourning spray ;  
But I would fondly linger near,  
And woo my lovely flower away.

eve

## Anniversary.

---

TECUM, UTINAM, LONGÆ SOCIAREM TEMPORA VITÆ,  
INQUE TUO CADERET NOSTRA SENECTA SINU!

---

### I.

OH! sacred is this hour to me,  
 And holy this returning day,  
 When first I saw the bonny ee  
 Of Her I love so far away!  
 The summer gale was passing by,  
 And meekly rose the star of e'en,  
 When first I heard the half-press'd sigh,  
 Which stole her timid lips between.



## II.

That star again has shed its light  
On yonder high and western brae,  
Though I have never heard this night  
Of Her I love so far away!  
And yet, in all his course, the sun  
But few who bloom so fair can see;  
I know he cannot visit one,  
Though fairer far, so dear to me!

## III.

How weary 'tis to watch his ray  
Slow rising from the purpled sea,  
And sigh to think another day  
But lights a desert world to me!  
How sad to waste life's sweetest prime  
Still sickening for deferred joy,  
To speed the lingering flight of Time,  
And all the present hours destroy!

## IV.

Too soon some fleeting years will tear  
     The blossoms from this youthful tree ;  
 Nip all the bloom which now I bear,  
     And I a wither'd trunk shall be.  
 But ere the pride of Spring is fled,  
     Were yon protectless ivy mine,  
 How pleas'd my willing boughs would spread,  
     How fond her circling arms entwine !

## V.

While yet the summer sun was high,  
     Her love would yield me borrow'd grace ;  
 And I, beneath the wintry sky,  
     Would court more fondly her embrace :  
 And when the last o'erwhelming shower  
     This torn and leafless stem shall beat,  
 Her tears would make life's closing hour  
     Than all in life itself more sweet !

**Hope.**

## I.

**Y**ES, some there are who fondly tell  
With Hope what faerie pleasures dwell,  
    What visionary gleams of fear and joy ;  
And Hope be theirs ; but grant to me  
A fix'd and leaden certainty,  
    Which, though it gives no good, yet cannot good  
    destroy.

## II.

For who is He that e'er has known  
 Contending Passion's nobler tone,  
     Or bask'd in Fancy's gay and varying beam ;  
 Who has not nurtur'd pleasing thought,  
 Grasp'd all Imagination taught,  
     Believ'd in Hope, and found that Hope was all a  
     dream !

## III.

Seductive fiend ! in angel dyes  
 Thy form is veil'd from searching eyes,  
     Thou only source of pain with shape untrue !  
 E'en Care his wrinkled front displays,  
 Her haggard form pale Fear betrays,  
 And Disappointment bares her wither'd arm to  
     view.

## IV.

With parting day these sink to rest,  
 Whilst thou, sole tenant of my breast,  
     Scowl'st thy delusive smile upon my sleep :  
 Why nightly thus my visions bless  
 With goodly shapes of happiness,  
     Pour pleasure on my dreams, and bid me wake to  
         weep !

## V.

Yet, faithless one, in many an hour  
 Fain would I woo thy soothing power,  
     And cull the wreath thy trembling hands dispense.  
 Grant me no future ill to know,  
 Still draw the veil o'er coming woe,  
     And steep in poppy dew's sad-boding Prescience !

## **This is not Love.**

### I.

**Y**OU ask me why unseen I stray,  
And waste the solitary day ;  
Why far my wandering path extends,  
From mirth, and books, and home, and friends ;  
You tell me Love alone can bind  
Such fetters round the yielding mind :  
Ah ! no ; this heart doth know  
No joys like Love.

## II.

Far from the vulgar ken I fly,  
 To muse on Her averted eye ;  
 I turn from friends to think how She  
 Has turn'd her alter'd cheek from me ;  
 Mirth, books, and home—ah ! how can these  
 The bosom's secret pang appease !  
 Go, go ; I do not show  
 One sign of Love.

## III.

It is not Love to chill and glow  
 Like wintry suns on beds of snow ;  
 To chase the stifled sigh with fear ;  
 To dry before it fall the tear ;  
 And, last sad victory of Pride,  
 In smiles this inward strife to hide.  
 Ah ! no ; this cannot flow  
 From any Love.

## IV.

'Tis Love to loosen Rapture's rein,  
 And dream of all that might have been ;  
 Give Fancy's eye unbounded scope,  
 Outstrip the fleetest wings of hope ;  
 Still fail, and still the course pursue,  
 And deem each wish of Passion true.  
 If so, this heart would know  
 A genuine Love.

## V.

Mine is not Lové ; this breast has bled  
 Till every finer sense is dead :  
 Mine is the craving bosom's void,  
 The joyless heart; and unenjoy'd,  
 Engross'd by selfishness alone,  
 As weeds o'er shade the desert stone.  
 Ah ! no ; full well I know  
 I cannot love.



## Death.

### I.

WHEN I am lull'd in Death's long sleep,  
As soon perhaps these eyes may be,  
How very few will turn to weep,  
Or cast one sorrowing thought on me !  
Soon is the debt of outward mourning paid,  
Soon springs the poppy 'neath the cypress shade.

## II.

The winds which hurtle o'er my grave  
 May breathe faint echoings of a sigh ;  
 Around my turf the flowers that wave  
 May shed their dew-drops where I lie ;  
 The plaintive bird, who waits upon the spring,  
 May swell my requiem chaunt, and nightly sing.

## III.

But hush'd for ever 'neath the clay  
 Are the fond words by Friendship spoken ;  
 And dim to me is Heaven's own ray,  
 The holy spell of Love is broken ;  
 I have not now the ONE who by my side  
 Would pour the tear which never can be dried !

## IV.

Mysterious state ! I once had fear'd  
 To tempt thine unacquainted shade,  
 The couch where no man's voice is heard,  
 The cell no living steps invade !

I once had wish'd youth's opening scenes to try,  
 Not unknown live, nor unregarded die !

## V.

I did not wish this head should bow  
 So soon a nameless tomb beneath ;—  
 The myrtle leaf is wither'd now,  
 What care I for the laurel wreath !

Come, Thou dread Power, which ever tread'st more near,  
 Come when thou wilt, I hail thee without fear !

## The Dream.

TO \_\_\_\_\_.

----- Πονοι κοινοι λογων,  
 ομοστυγος τε και συνιατιος βιος,  
 τους εις εν αμφοιν -----  
 διασκηδιστοι παντα, ερριπται χαμαι,  
 αυραι φερουσι τας παλαιας ελπιδας.

WHAT piercing shriek, what cry of wild affright  
 Chides the dull silence of unbroken night ?  
 Cold are the drops which these moist limbs bedew,  
 I wake to weep, I slept to dream of You.  
 Methought the well-known stream before me flow'd,  
 While languid breezes o'er its current rode ;  
 Slow-wheeling sank the sun's autumnal ray,  
 And twilight meekly stole on parting day ;

No sound was heard, save when the river side  
 Beat back the \* minute rippings of its tide ;  
 No light, save Hesper, glancing on the stream,  
 Pour'd the mild lustre of his dewy beam.  
 Thus oft before—ah ! no, how chang'd the view,  
 How varied now from that which once I knew !  
 I did not pause upon the pausing eye,  
 Meet look with look, or mingle sigh with sigh ;  
 I did not gaze on Fancy's glass to see  
 That all was Love, as Love was all to me.  
 Silent and slow by that wide-water'd green,  
 I wander'd forth to weep, alone, unseen :—  
 Alone ? ah ! no, my own sad thoughts were there ;  
 Unseen ? thine eye is never clos'd, Despair !

I saw, in Fancy's vivid colours warm,  
 E'en now again I see the much-lov'd form :  
 I heard once more the warblings of that tongue,  
 Ah ! who could fly them, while the syren sung !  
 Her cheek's warm glow, her sigh but half repress'd,  
 Her eye's soft lustre, seeming love confess'd :

\* " With minute drops from off the caves."

False, fleeting slumber! why my tears renew?  
So lovely once she smil'd, and not more true.

Is there no dream which ceases to beguile?  
No sleep which wears not a delusive smile?  
No lasting slumber of unfeign'd repose?  
No couch on which the tear-drop never flows?  
Cease, cease, perturbed spirit, to repine;  
There is that couch, that sleep will soon be thine.

## Reason.\*

LE RAISONNER TRISTEMENT S'ACCREDITE ;  
 ON COURT, HELAS ! APRES LA VERITE :  
 AH ! CROYEZ MOI, L'ERREUR A SON MERITE.

**I** do not woo thy power, dread Queen,  
 Stern mistress of the frowning mien ;  
 With busy step, and onward eye,  
 To those who bow before thee, fly ;  
 Nor let thy chilling influence bind  
 The high and uncontrolled mind.

\* Schiller has written a celebrated Ode on a similar subject.

Haste thee to those who love to trace  
 Mechanic laws for Time and Space,  
 And prove that undiscover'd force  
 Which guides the wandering planet's course:  
 O turn to those ; but leave to me  
 Unfetter'd Nature, wild and free,  
 High on her universal throne,  
 Distinctly seen, but dimly known.

Leave me those dreams which they of old  
 The wise of other days have told,  
 Pouring through all Creation's range  
 Mysterious form, and being strange.  
 Oh ! do not say yon glorious Sun  
 By Gravity's dull law can run ;  
 Or think a cold and lifeless ball  
 Sheds heat, and light, and life o'er all.  
 Saw ye the downward wheels of night  
 Fly fast before the dawning light ?  
 At first what silv'ry gleam it throws ;  
 It blushes now—and now it glows—  
 It rises higher—'tis brighter still—  
 It tops yon golden-skirted hill—



And now it flings a certain ray—  
 It is, it is the Lord of Day!  
 How soon the gentle herald star  
 Grows pale before his gorgeous car;  
 And bears to climes still veil'd in night  
 Glad tidings of approaching light!  
 How quickly o'er Heav'n's azure zone  
 The fiery-harness'd steeds have flown;  
 And brooding o'er the twilight pale,  
 Snuff freshness from the ocean gale!

So deem'd the Sage, till falling night  
 Pour'd other wonders on his sight:  
 Each star whose lustrę o'er him play'd,  
 Once liv'd, some Hero, or some Maid;  
 Each beam of midnight's silv'ry throng  
 Was hallow'd by the Poet's song;  
 Here bright with borrow'd gems was seen  
 The chaplet of the Gnosian Queen;  
 \* Here wept the sister stars, and here  
 Orion pois'd his glittering spear.  
 To the worn seaman's sleepless eye,  
 The Twins auspicious light supply;

\* The Pleiades.

And oft he thought his bark secure,  
 Steer'd by the guiding Cynosure.  
 Or when the swart and fiery North  
 Pour'd all his legion'd meteors forth,  
 And o'er the ruddy face of heaven  
 Flash'd the dread brand of midnight levin ;  
 His wond'ring eye imagin'd then  
 Embattled shapes of armed men,  
 And saw in wild confusion hurl'd  
 The warriors of another world !

Breath'd there a gale of softer mood ?  
 'Twas Zephyr who his Flora woo'd.  
 Did clouds the dark'ned sky deform ?  
 Jove wing'd the bolt, and urg'd the storm.  
 Untutor'd in Refraction's law,  
 The many color'd bow he saw,  
 And deem'd that Iris o'er the skies  
 Trac'd with light hand her fleeting dyes !

How chang'd the scene ! with piercing gleam  
 Truth flings her scientific beam :  
 Rent is the veil ! and light unblest'd  
 To Nature's inmost shrine has press'd !

For us no Naiad wells her tide ;  
 No Wood-nymph decks the forest side :  
 With backward steps the mighty Pan  
 Has left his haunted groves to man ;  
 Hush'd is the warning voice which broke  
 In murmurs from Dodona's oak ;  
 And 'neath the dark Cumæan cave  
 To us no frantic Sibyls rave.  
 Now Earth, by hidden influence bound,  
 Spins ceaseless in its dizzy round ;  
 And orbs on lifeless orbs arise,  
 To chase th' immortals from the skies !

These are thy triumphs, mighty Queen  
 Thine is this dull material scene !  
 To Fancy's faerie visions blind,  
 Stern Reason chains the fetter'd mind,  
 And turns its energies alone  
 To what is prov'd, and what is known !

## Song.

### I.

**LASSIE!** you could love me well!  
I know it by your sparkling ee :  
Why then will you never tell  
That which all the world can see ?

### II.

**Lassie!** you would fain be mine !  
I see it by your cheek's warm glow :  
Why then do your lips decline  
That which ev'ry look must show ?

## III.

Who could view that sparkling eye,  
Who could mark that kindling cheek,  
See thee, and control the sigh ?  
Hear thee, and forbear to speak ?

## IV.

Here's my heart, an honest heart,  
Warm, though 'tis I who tell thee so ;  
Take it then, and ere we part,  
Smile, and bid me never go.

## Flora.

**I** SAW my Flora's hands intwine  
The tendrils of the cluster'd vine;  
Deep blush'd the grape's impurpled skin  
With rich and luscious draughts within :  
She press'd the juice, and laughing cried,  
Quaff, freely quaff the racy tide !—  
I knew its power, and turn'd to sip  
A milder nectar from her lip ;

But when, alas ! from wine could flow  
 Such madd'ning dreams as now I know !  
 Who could have drain'd from any bowl  
 Such sweet ebriety of soul !

She blush'd, and bade me roses seek,  
 Then sham'd them by her glowing cheek,  
 She loos'd the simple zone which bound  
 Her bosom's love-inspiring round,  
 And ever, as it rose and fell,  
 Seem'd with her laughing eyes to tell,  
 Though fair yon snowy flowers appear,  
 The lily's native bed is here.

My willing steps the wanton led  
 By many a rich and fragrant bed,  
 Where amid livelier tints was seen  
 The laurel's stay'd and sober green.  
 Seductive fair ! I would not now  
 With victor wreaths intwine my brow ;  
 Mine be the less ambitious braid  
 With Flora 'neath the myrtle shade !

## Palinodia.

**T**AKE hence the bowl thine hands bestow'd  
 When pure the tide of rapture flow'd !  
 Take hence the bowl ! I would not drain  
 It's rich and nectar'd juice again ;  
 For though the brim in joy be dy'd,  
 The lees of sorrow lurk beside ;  
 And sad and fev'rish is the dream  
 Of him who quaffs that treach'rous stream.



Oh ! hide the cheek which cannot show  
 The rose's pure and morning glow.  
 Say not it's tinge is still the same,  
 The tear is guilt, the blush is shame !  
 I thought that simple ribband press'd  
 A simpler heart, and softer breast ;  
 But bind the zone ! I would not see  
 A bosom that is dead to me ;  
 I cannot think the lily fair  
 When ev'ry spoiler's hand is there.

Lead not my steps those flowers beside,  
 Their bloom is wither'd, gone their pride :  
 The noon-day sun his radiance threw,  
 And drain'd their sweets, and quaff'd their dew ;  
 And now their drooping heads betray  
 The fervour of his wanton ray.

The myrtle too, which twin'd around  
 Our bower, and hid its hallow'd bound ;  
 The myrtle which has seen me lie  
 With quivering lip, and tranced eye,  
 Hanging enamour'd o'er the cheek  
 Where joy and passion lov'd to speak,—

Where is it now? what star has shed  
Sad influence on its leafless head?  
What blast malign has dar'd invade  
It's dear and consecrated shade?

Away! away! the laurel now  
Must wreath again this aching brow.  
And will it soothe the bosom's heat?  
Pluck rooted Memory from her seat?  
And hush the half-unwilling sigh?  
And chase the tear, and close the eye?  
Ah! no, the poppy flower must bind  
That head which once the myrtle twin'd.

**An Apology**

For

**Loving Often.**

**H**E who loves but once alone,  
Love's full power hath never known :  
Only he true bliss can tell,  
Who often loves, and always well.

When first the new created Sun  
Began his morning course to run,  
He pierc'd with pale and dubious beam,  
The slumber of some nameless stream ;

Or onward as his chariot roll'd,  
 Tipp'd some lone mountain head with gold.  
 Till pacing from his Eastern gate,  
 Sublime he rode, in lordly state,  
 And flung, in plenitude of day,  
 The glories of his noontide ray.  
 Then heav'n, and earth, and sea, and sky,  
 Teem'd from the fiery source on high ;  
 Wide rang'd the God o'er wood and hill,  
 Warm'd every rock, quaff'd every rill,  
 And Nature's universal frame  
 \* Drank life and gladness from his flame.

So the fond youth but yields in part  
 To the first rifier of his heart :  
 But when once he breaks above  
 The twilight of his morning love,  
 Soft is every hand he presses,  
 Dear each lip his lip-caresses,  
 Ev'ry cheek, and ev'ry eye,  
 Lap him in sweet phantasy.

- \* " The laughing flowers which round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow."

*Gray's Progress of Poesy.*

Then, only then, the trembling boy  
 Feels the whole fury of his joy !

Evening falls and Phœbus leads  
 The slow march of his downward steeds ;  
 Shorn is now that garish ray  
 Which blaz'd in pomp and pride of day ;  
 And sweeter far, though far less bright,  
 Plays his mild and soften'd light,  
 Lingerin', ere it sinks to rest,  
 On some green island in the West.

Half-quench'd in life's fast ebbing stream,  
 Thus shines true Passion's chasten'd beam,  
 And throws its steadiest parting ray  
 On all it lov'd in noontide day ;  
 Collects the radiance of it's fires,  
 And glows, and warms, as it expires.

**A Reason**

for

**Loving One Only.**

**H**E who loves entranc'd to gaze  
Upon midnight's sapphire blaze,  
Would he turn one star to see,  
Though that one might Hesper be?  
Yes, when in loneliness of night  
Quench'd is the blaze of sapphire light,  
When half-dropt foot, and poised tread  
Speak doubt, and weariness, and dread;

If haply o'er the clouded sky  
 One beam should for a moment fly,  
 Should Hesper glimmer from afar,  
 He then will bless that single star !

Ere the soft gales of Spring are near,  
 We court the firstlings of the year ;  
 If, stealing 'neath the covert stone,  
 The Violet bloom, half hid, half shewn ;  
 Or linnet from the leafless spray  
 Chaunt her solitary lay ;  
 How dear that lone and maiden flower !  
 Within that single note what power !  
 But soon as wanton May hath shed  
 Rich garlands from her wreathed head,  
 When field, and vale, and grove diffuse  
 Their mingling sweets, and varying hues,  
 And, wide as distant sight can range,  
 Earth lives in universal change,  
 And, far as sound can float along,  
 Great Nature hymns her general song ;  
 Where dwells the ear ? where rests the eye ?  
 On all, on each, on earth, on sky !

Fled is Spring ? is Summer fled ?  
 Hath Autumn droop'd her vine-wreath'd head ?  
 Doth sullen storm, and north blast deep  
 Proclaim sad Nature's wintry sleep ?  
 Sweet virgin flower ! e'er Spring began,  
 Her sultry course ere Summer ran,  
 Ere Autumn's lingering step withdrew,  
 I lov'd thy modest tint of blue.  
 Where art thou now ? thy widow'd stem  
 Hath shed it's rich and purple gem ;  
 Where art thou ? had I cull'd thy pride,  
 Ere Winter chill'd, or Summer dried,  
 Thy morning hues, thy noon-day bloom,  
 The fragrance of thy night perfume,  
 Thy birth, thy progress, thy decline,  
 Thy parting sweets, had all been mine !

Oh ! may I, ere the Summer day  
 Of fair-fac'd Youth has pass'd away,  
 And Age with scanty fingers shed  
 His wintry tresses on my head,  
 Oh ! may I from the flaunting pride  
 Of the deck'd garden turn aside ;



And in some far removed cell,  
Yet not a lonely being, dwell !  
There the sweet single star shall gleam  
The gentlest influence of it's beam,  
And guide me with a steady light  
Through the dim mist of gath'ring night ;  
There, too, for me the maiden flower  
Shall spring, lov'd inmate of my bower,  
Grace me while living by it's bloom,  
Nor droop till it intwines my tomb.

## The Return.

---

JURAVI QUOTIES REDITURUM AD LIMINA NUNQUAM,  
CUM BENE JURAVI PES TAMEN IPSE REDIT.

---

### I.

**I** THOUGHT that Love's once broken chain  
 Would never bind this heart again ;  
 I thought I ne'er should heave the sigh  
 To glowing cheek, or answ'ring eye ;  
 And were these chilling fancies true ?  
 Ah ! who can tell me this—but You !

## II.

'Twas You who bade my bosom know  
In boyish age no boyish glow ;  
Drew down my cheek in earliest years  
Affection's first and purest tears ;  
And when we guess'd not at it's name,  
Awaken'd Love's unconscious flame.

## III.

Still in succeeding days of youth  
I woo'd You with the soul of truth,  
With all that innocence could lend,  
With warmth which never could offend,  
With faith which sought no false disguise  
From painted words, or borrow'd sighs.

## IV.

I will not say what darker scene  
Has pass'd these ripen'd years between,  
Nor o'er the heartless story run  
Of clouds which dimm'd our summer sun :—  
Ah ! who would tales like these renew,  
Who turn'd again his steps to You !

## Epitaph.

**T**HE soul's best gifts, with polish'd lore combin'd,  
 Quick play of Fancy, with strong grasp of Mind,  
 All Thought could teach, all Genius could inspire,  
 All Wit could prompt, Benevolence desire,  
 Each grace which Virtue's mildest form could lend,  
 Faith to secure, and Warmth to gain the Friend;  
 Such are the seeds of Nature's best design,  
 Ah! could we add, such \*\*\*\*\* *still* are Thine!

**AD AMICUM.**

**M**IRRO tibi \* plenum quod tollat ab igne lebetem,  
Detrahat et calido fervida vasa foco :  
Hæc tu non poteris per te deducere flammâ,  
Sed poteris nostrâ forsitan usus ope.  
Sæpe effusa prius trepidanti e gurgite lympha est,  
Aut nigram effecit nigra favilla manum ;  
Vel si charta novas tentavit inaniter artes,  
Et quæ vix poterat posse coacta fuit,

\* Anglice—Kettle-holder.

Sæpe avulsus ibi est \* radorum mysticus ordo,  
 Uritur et magicis pagina fæda notis ;  
 Flebile ! sæpe etiam peregrinâ carmina flammâ, et  
 Musa indigna perit, nec perit igne suo.  
 Ast Tu, quando olim præcinctas vimine lymphas,  
 Et Cami salices destituisse juvat,  
 Ne tamen amittas parva hæc donaria, habebunt,  
 Si sit amor, pretium munera parva suum.  
 Sic, cum casta Fides, et non indebita vota,  
 Stravit et optatos æqua Puella toros,  
 Fors quoties ineat repetitos Nympha labores,  
 Et gratæ instauret sacra diurna Thesæ,  
 Ipsa, simul gemitus imo de pectore ducat,  
 Fervidus et querulo strideat ore lebes,  
 Gandeat ipsa tui contingere munus amici,  
 Ne niveâ, indignùm, comprimat æra manu.  
 Tu saltem, cum manè vides, et vespere, ahenum,  
 Sic nostri, et mane, et vespere, vive memor.

\* Chartæ figuris quibusdam Mathematicis inquinatæ et conspurcatæ.

\* IN FAVONIUM THRENODIA.

**N**IL movet hunc animum facili quod subrubet ortu  
 Mane, quod augurio Sol meliore nitet ;  
 Nil movet alituum quod amor resonantia mulcet  
 Prata, quod et vernas explicat annus opes.  
 Me desiderio longè diversa morantur,  
 Me sensim lento macerat igne dolor :  
 Pectore de mæsto cadit imperfecta voluptas,  
 Saucia mens aliis posse vacare nequit.

\* Graii carmen funebre Latinè redditum.



Ast aliis Aurora magis felicibus instans,  
In nova lætitiæ munera quemque vocat :  
Ast aliis solitos tellus dat provida fructus,  
Et sociam solito cantu avis urget avem.  
Nos tamen in surdas questus demittimus aures,  
Quodque sit incassum fit magis inde dolor.

✱

\* **AMOR PERENNIS.**

**T**ÆNARIOS inter stat myrtea sylvæ recessus,  
 Sacra iis quas durâ tabe peredit Amor.  
**Hic**, male celatas etiamnum fassa calores,  
 Ardet Amazonium Cressa noverca ducem.  
**Hic** laceros nudata sinus, et volnera monstrans,  
 Certa nimis Cephali spicula, Procri, doles.  
**At** parte ex aliâ Troas flet Dido receptos,  
 Dardanaque in subitam carbasa versa fugam.  
**Quam** circum Evadne, revolutaque fœmina Cœnis,  
 Questaque Nessæos Deineira dolos.  
**Hos** omnes idem ardor agit, miserasque per umbras  
 Regnat, inextinctus morte, perennis Amor.

\*

## AMICITIÆ VIS.

**S**UCCESSU Æacides raptam Briseida mussans,

Excidio Trojæ debita tela negat.

Nulla movent animum perituræ incendia classis,

Missa nec Hectoreâ flammea tæda manu :

Nil prece Amyntorides, monitu nil suadet Ulysses,

Ipsa nequit puerum flectere Diva parens.

At cadit Actorides alienis cæsus in armis,

Inque torum, noctu, flebilis umbra redit.

Unum hoc ferre nequit, sed amici sanguinis ultor,

Myrmidonas resides in nova bella vocat.

Vincere quem nequeunt Danaï prece, Pergama flammis,

Hunc socii funus vi proprio domat.

\*

ANACREONTIS AD COLUMBAM  
ODE LATINE REDDITA.

“ **D**IC, chara ante alias et amabilis una columbas,  
Dic, chara, unde volas, et unde rores  
Depluis ambrosios, halantibus undique pennis?  
Dic chara, et domini fatere nomen.”  
Teius ille suo me misit, amice Bathyllo,  
Omnes qui sibi vindicans amores,  
Omnes imperio premit, et moderamine flectit.  
Illi Cypria me dedit puella,

Quam priùs exigui pretio placaverat hymni.

Et jam fida ministra Anacreontis,

Quas domini tabulas, quæ non suspiria porto.

At noster mihi liberè vagari

Gratus ob obsequium promisit, non tamen unquam

Talem perfida deseram magistrum.

Quid juvat aërios montes superare volatu,

Aut illicibus insidentem opacis

Nescio quid strepitare, et agresti vescier uvâ?

Ah quanto potius, tuis in ulnis

Chare senex, placidè requiescam; crustula morsu

Furtivo è digitis trahens magistri:

Aut labiis mustum exsugam, aut quæ pocula cautus

Prægustaveris, admovebis orî.

Forsan et inde calens, parvas saltabo choreas,

Titubans ebria passibus tenellis,

Donec fessa choro tandem vinoque quiesco.

Tum pennâ dominum tegens amicâ

Fida comes lateri plectrum super obdormisco.

Sed quas garrio fabulas aniles!

Hospes abi, ne dum sermonibus occupor, ipsâ

Me picâ facias procaciorem.

## ACADEMIA PUELLARIS.

**Est** domus ad ripas Thamesis bene nota, Minervam  
 Quà minimè invitam, multa puella colit.  
**Gallica** pars elementa petunt, Italosve susurrus,  
 Dantque rudes labio deficiente sonos.  
**Hanc** acus, aut diducta exili retia filo,  
 Aut picti exercet grande tapetis opus.  
**Illa** leves curat choreas, vocemque, lyramque,  
 Aut pigmenta habili scit variare stylo \*.

\* Auriculas eruditiores admonere volumus quod non ex incuriâ ratio hæc metrica occurrit.

Doctior hæc pauld sphæram contingere gaudet,  
Cælorumque avidâ signa rotare manu.  
Ast alias udis numeranda tabella figuris,  
Literaque exemplo fida notanda tenet.  
Cuique suus labor est, teneræ et mens prona puellæ  
Quodlibet ad studium flectitur apta sequi.

\* CARMEN ANGLICUM GUALTERI  
SCOTT LATINÈ REDDITUM.

**H**AS, mea Galla, rosas, parva hæc munuscula Floræ,  
 Qualia vere novo spontè repandit humus,  
 Accipe; sunt muros inter nutrita cadentes  
 Cæsaris unde Aquilas Roma volare dedit.  
 Non ibi, belligeris decus addere sueta capillis  
 Fronde triumphali laurea bacca viret;  
 Inde tamen carpat florentiaserta viator,  
 Quæ Tibi vel poterunt, Galla, decere comas.

\* Take these flowers, which, purple waving, &c.

THE END.



## BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY J. CAWTHORN,

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### ERRATA.

- Page 6, line 18, for "cinxerat," read "clauderet."  
*ibid*, — 19, — "violarent," — "violarent."  
15, — 9, before "meet," insert "we."  
*ibid*, — 16, for "last," read "past."  
57, — 15, — "Gaudeat," read "Gaudeat."  
58, — 4, insert a comma after "movet."  
59, — 11, for "Deineira," read "Deianira."  
*ibid*, — 12, — "Hos," read "Has."  
62, — 7, insert a comma after "amice."  
64, — 4, for "pars," read "passim."

with the versification of the Epistle to Arbuthnot, and the acuteness of the Imitations of Horace. In a word, many years have passed since the English press has given us a performance so replete with mingled genius, good sense, and spirited animadversion." &c. &c. *Gent. Mag.* March 1809.

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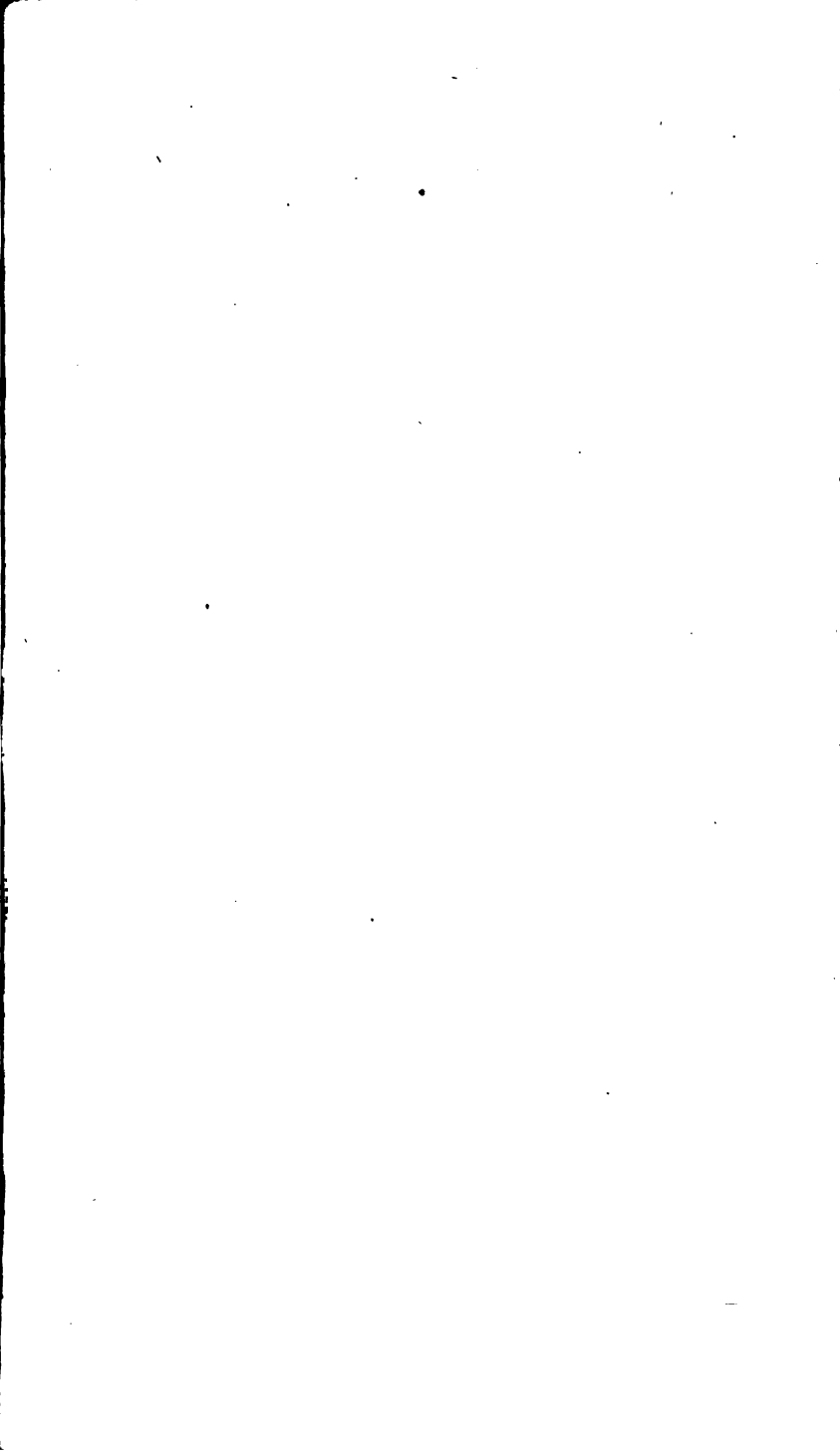
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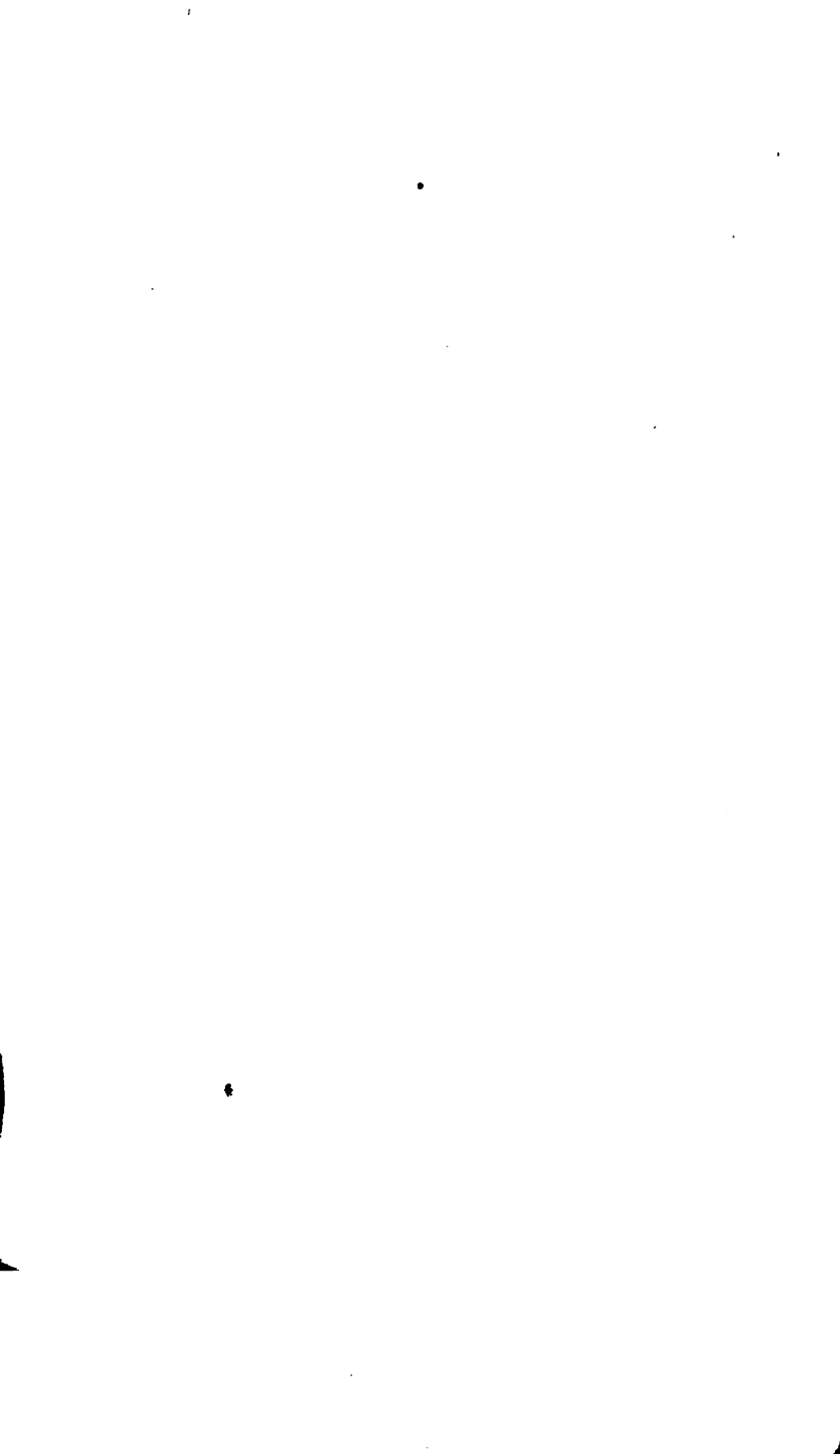
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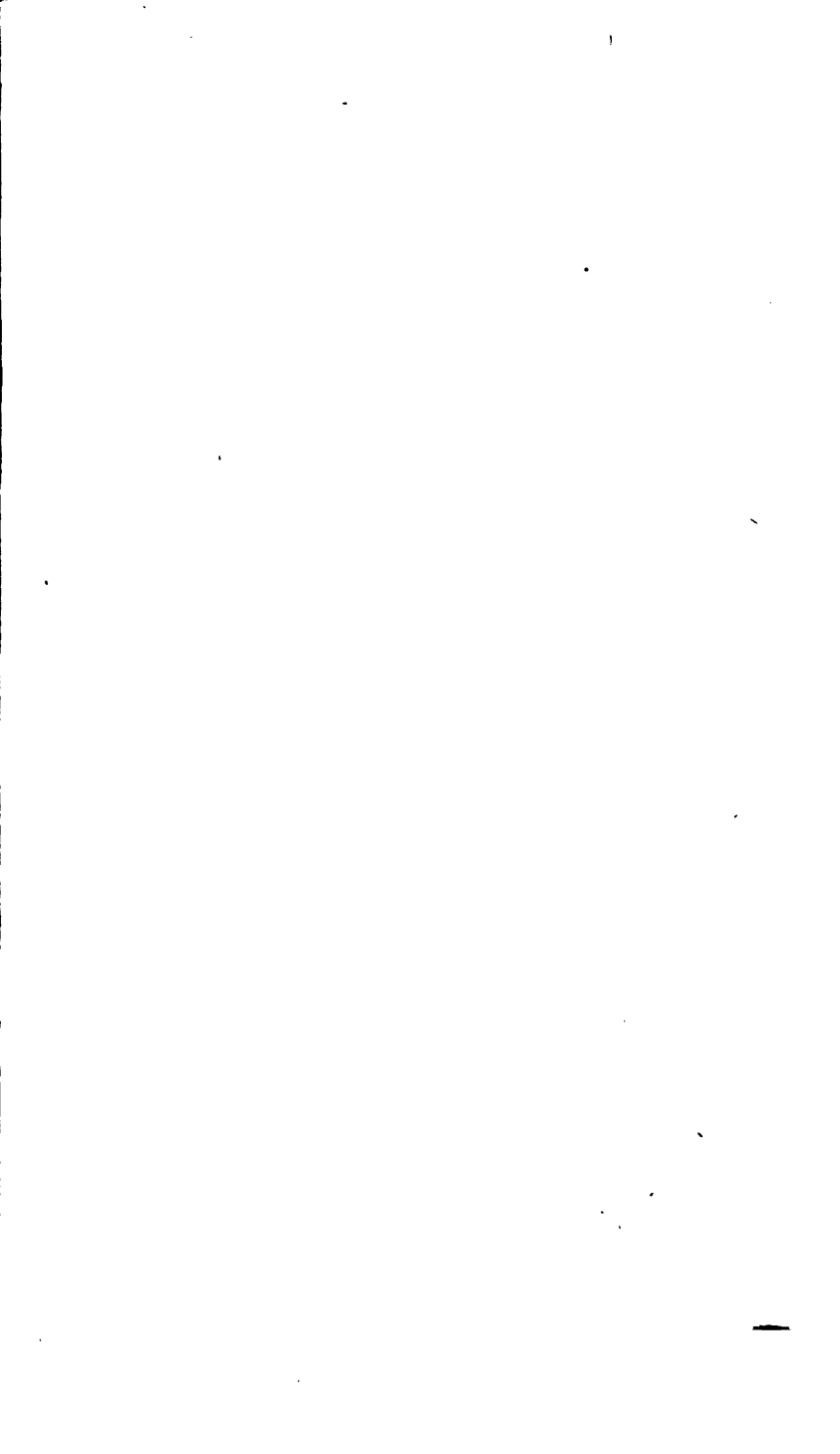
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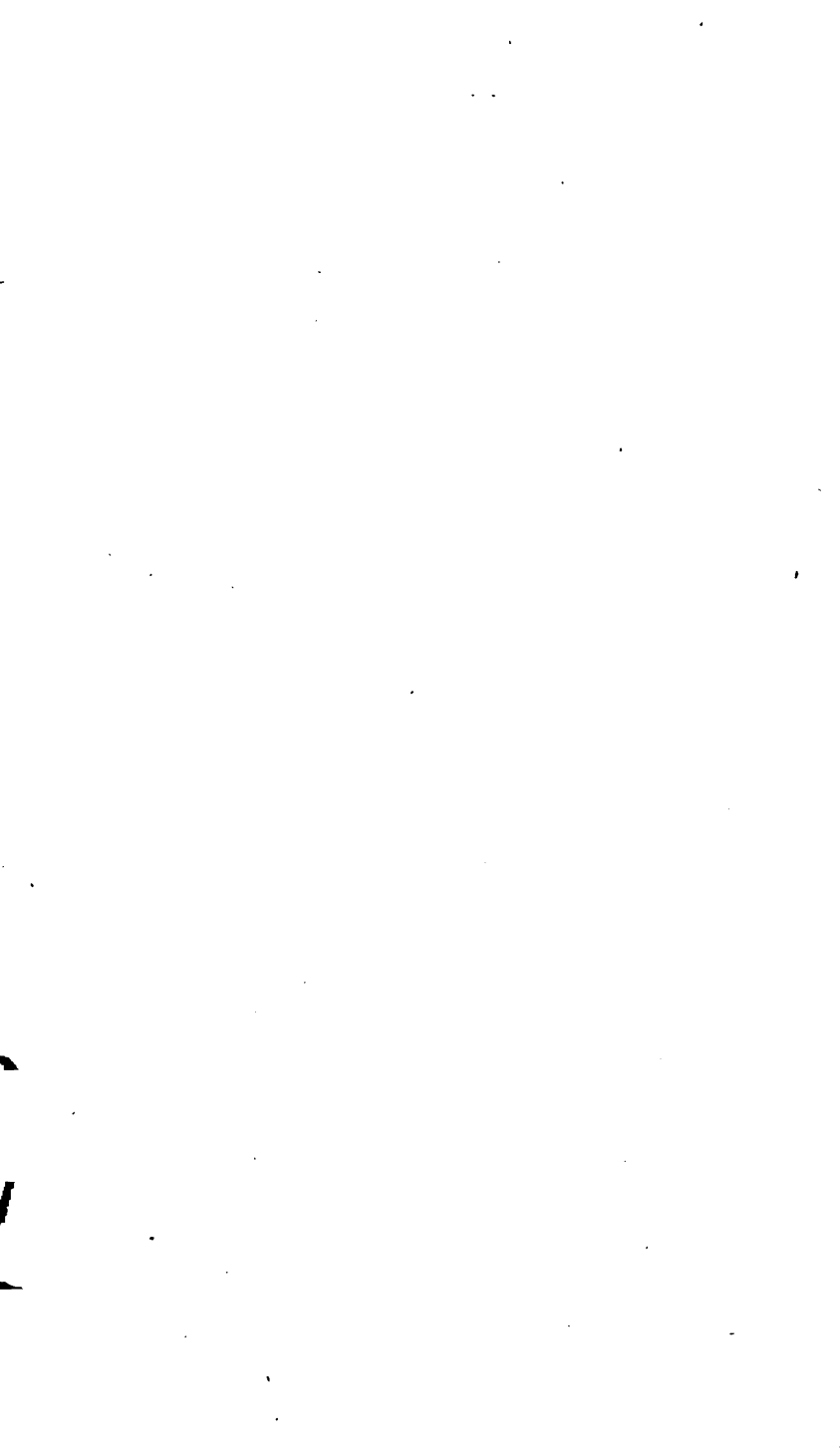
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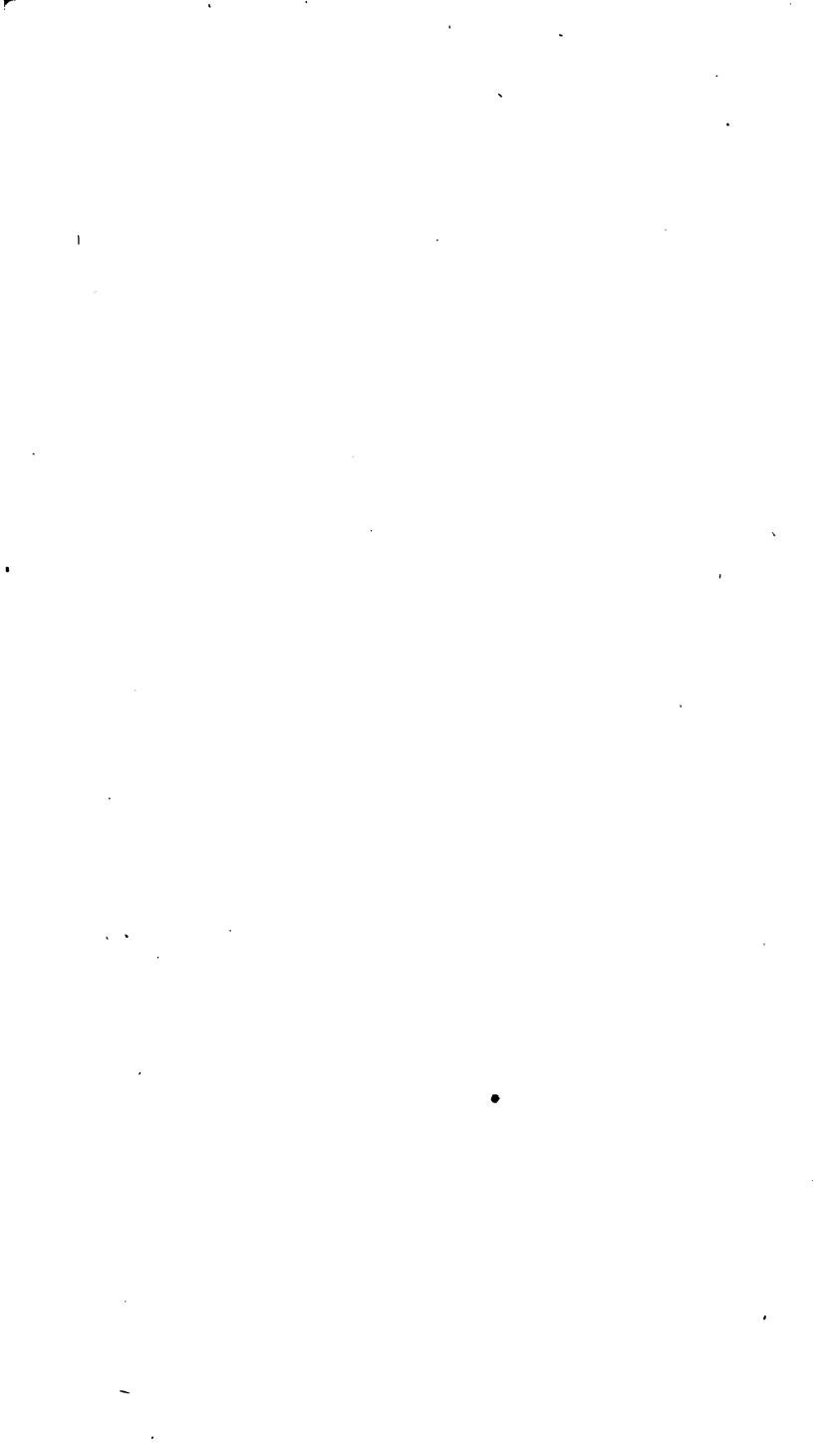
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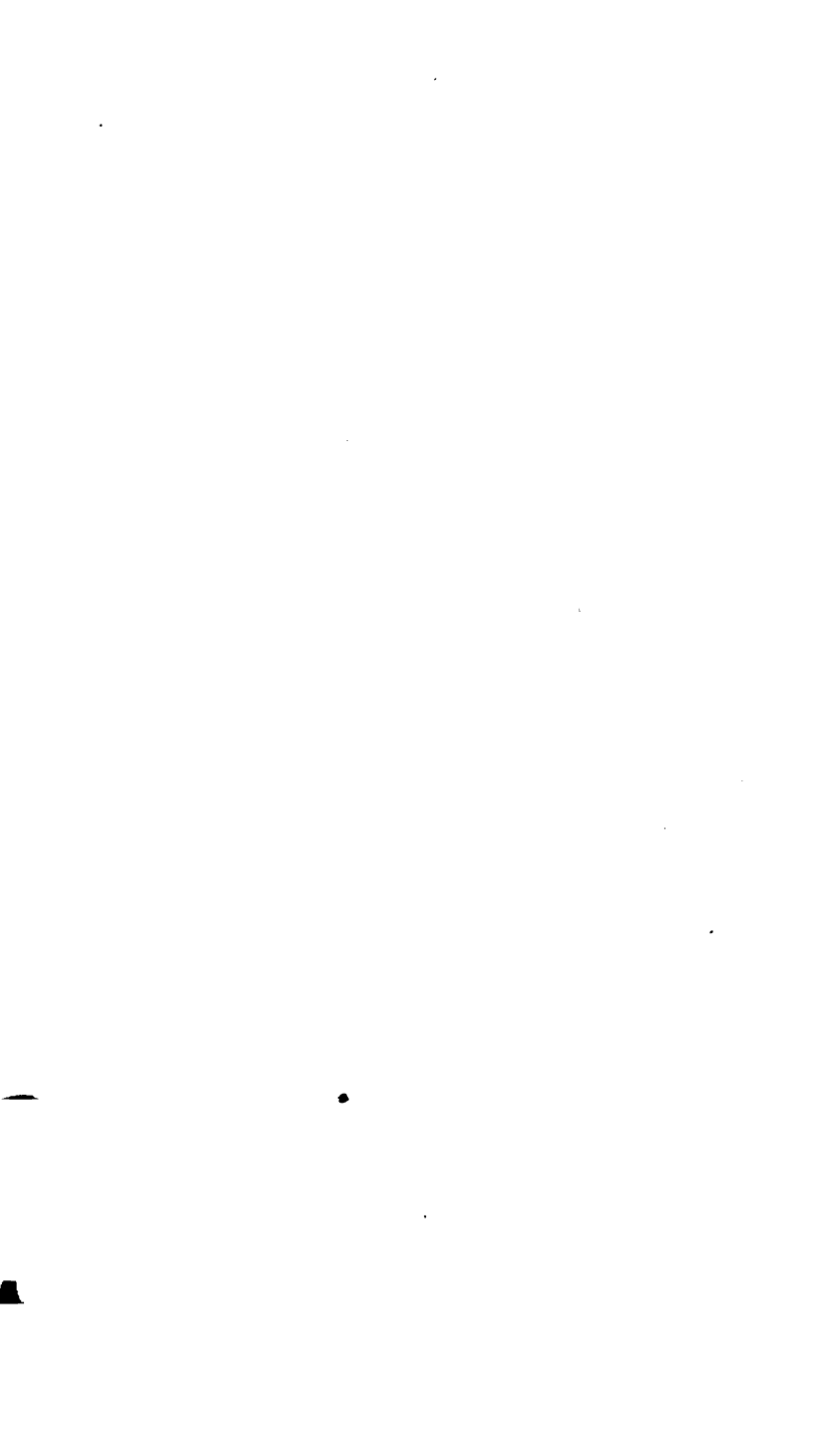




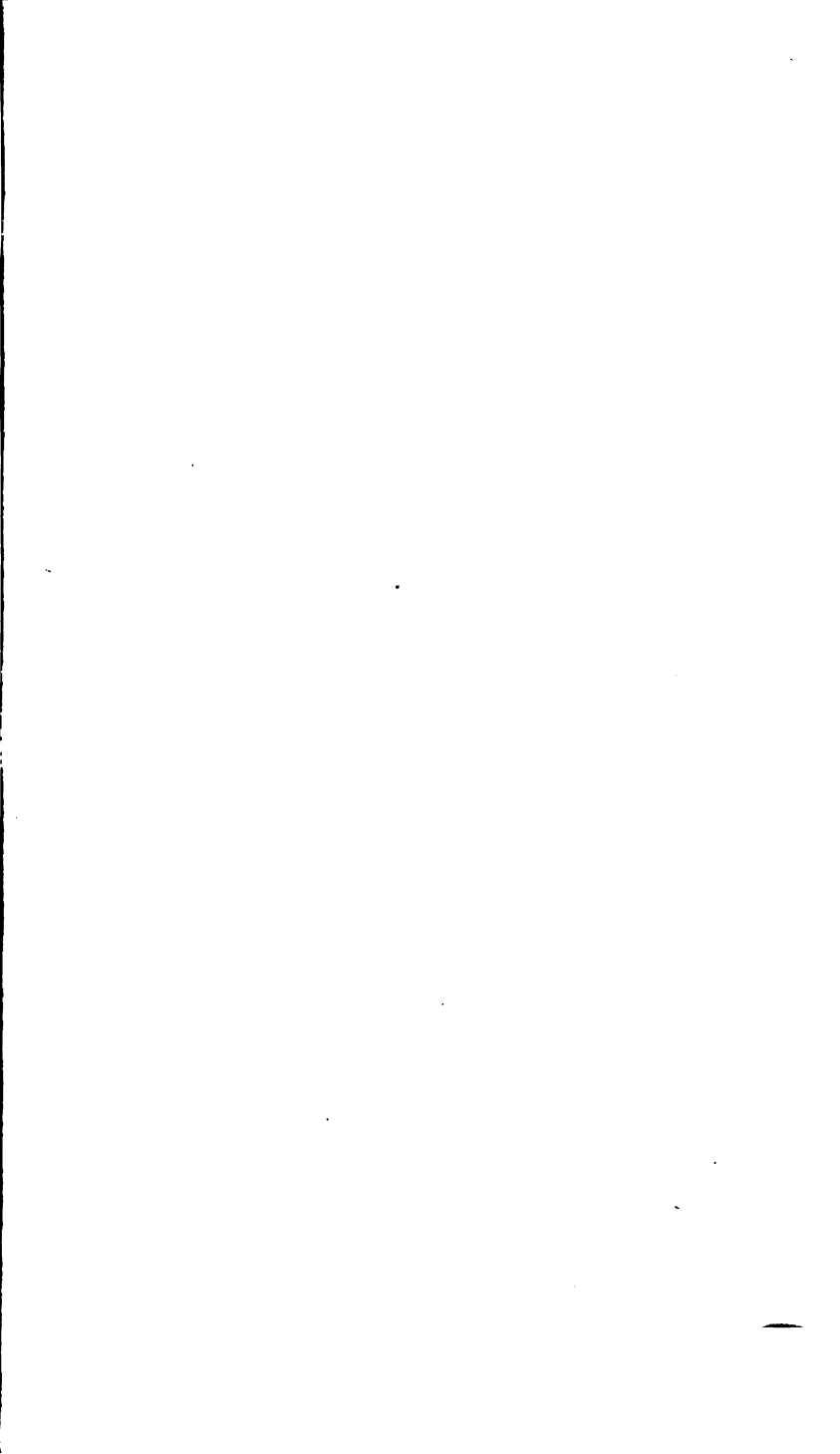






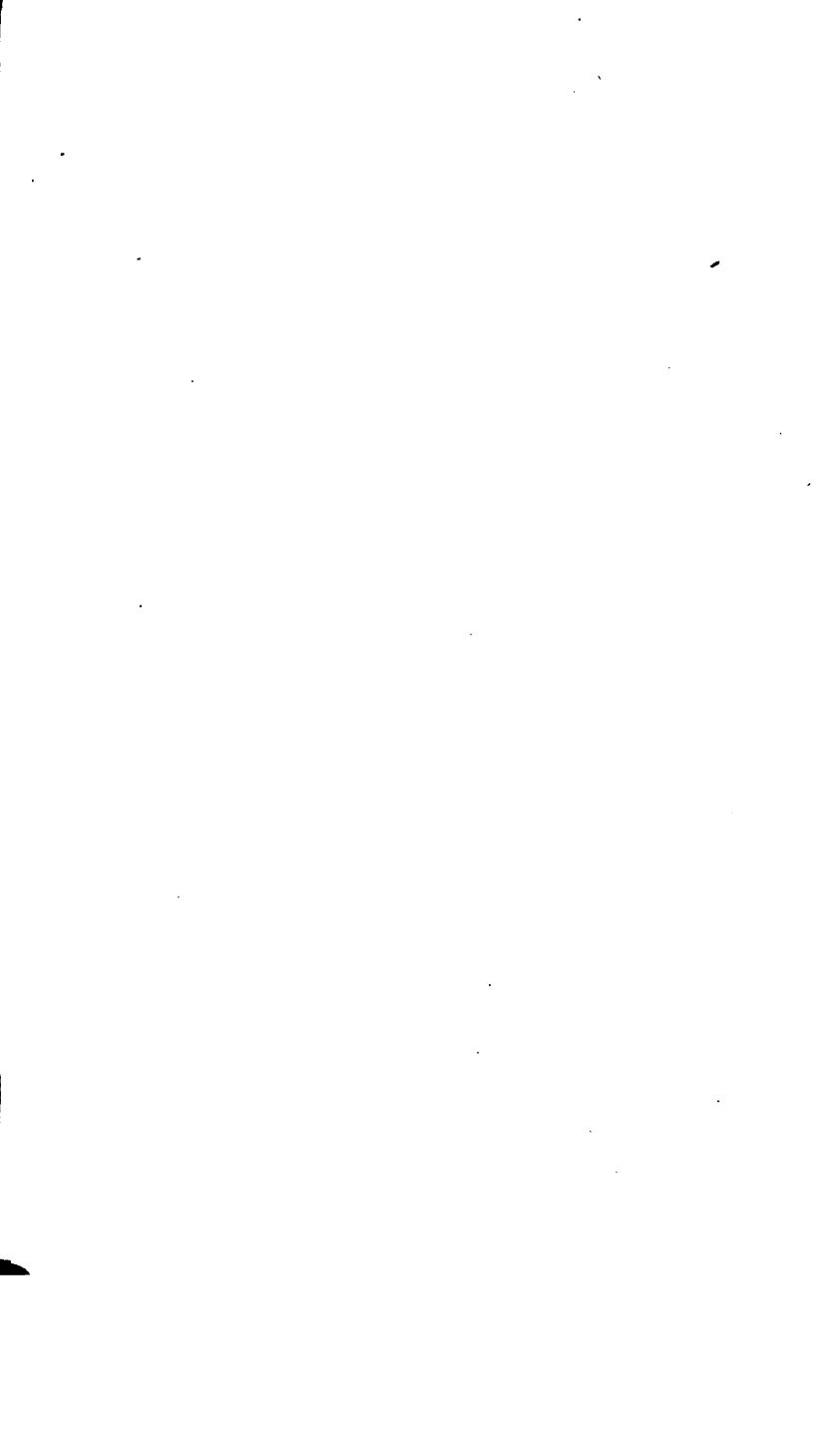






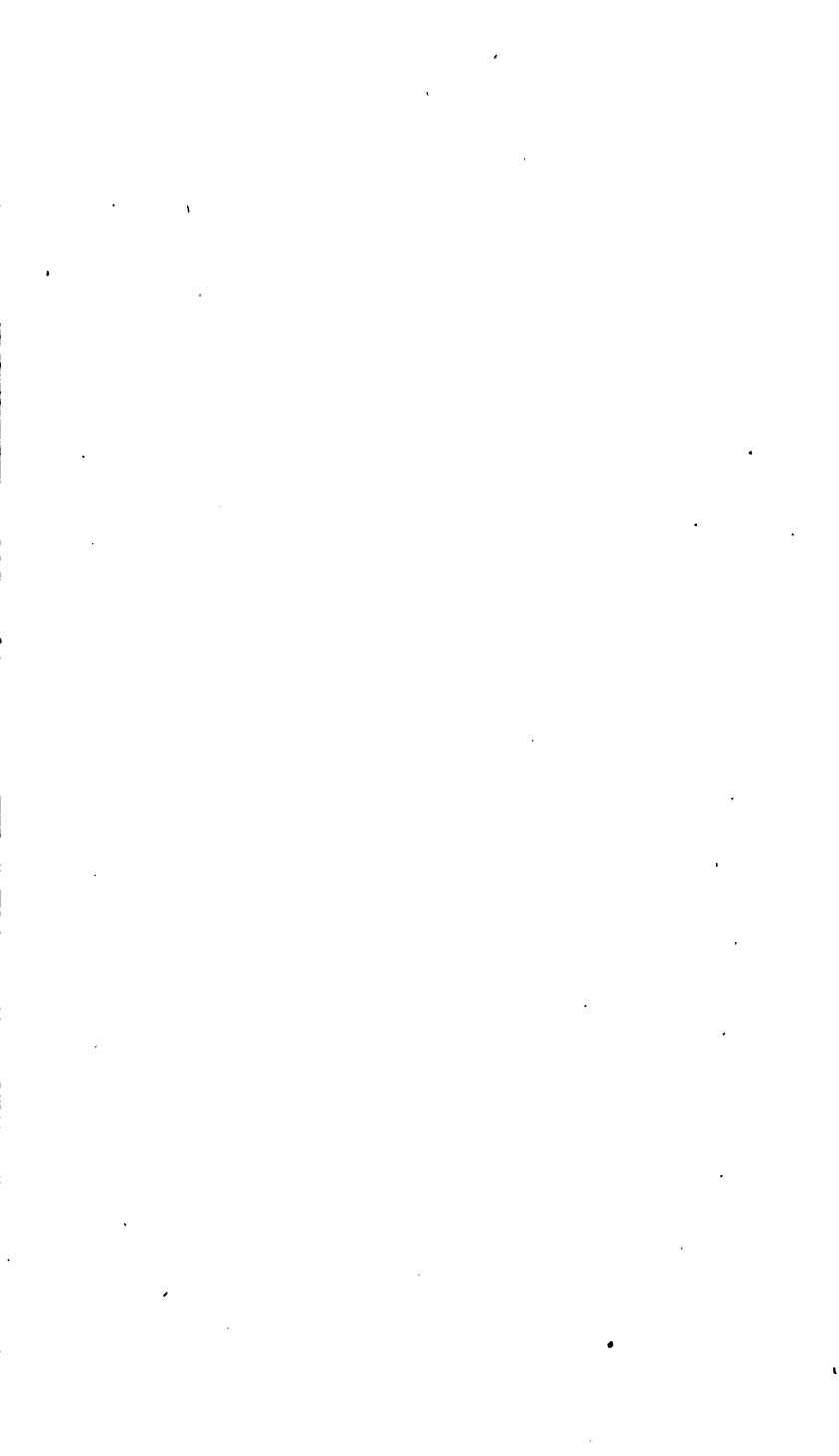






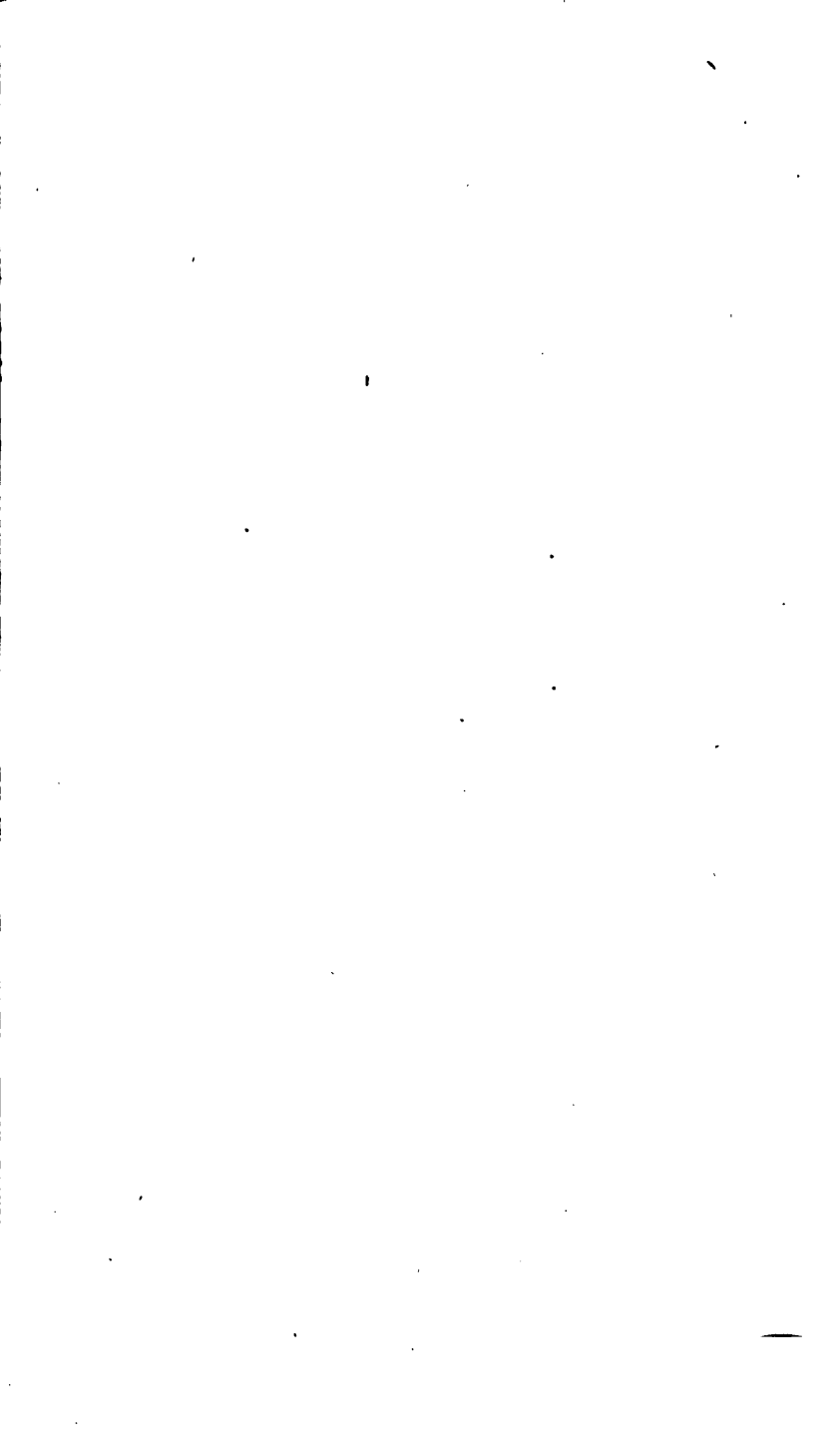




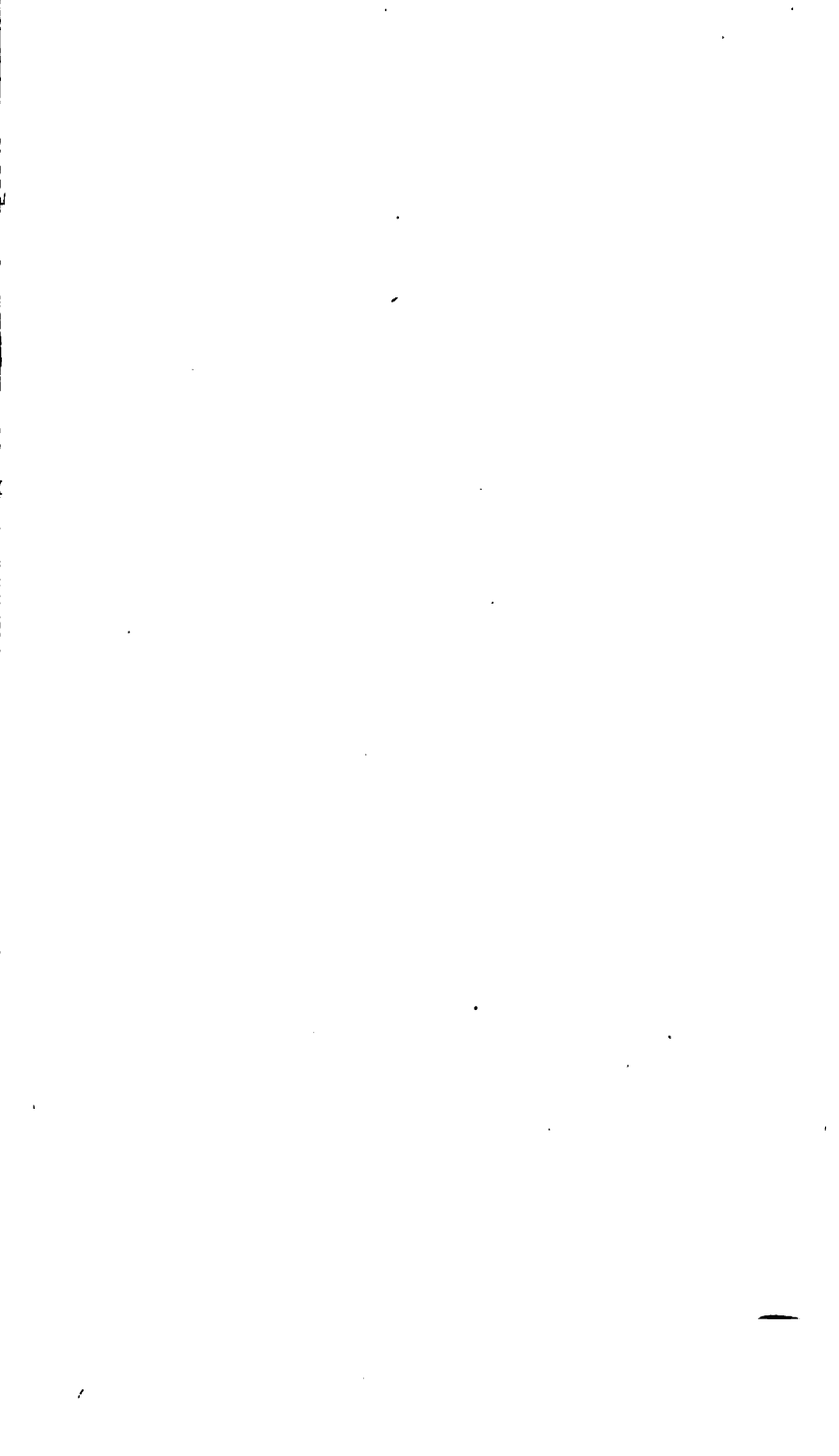


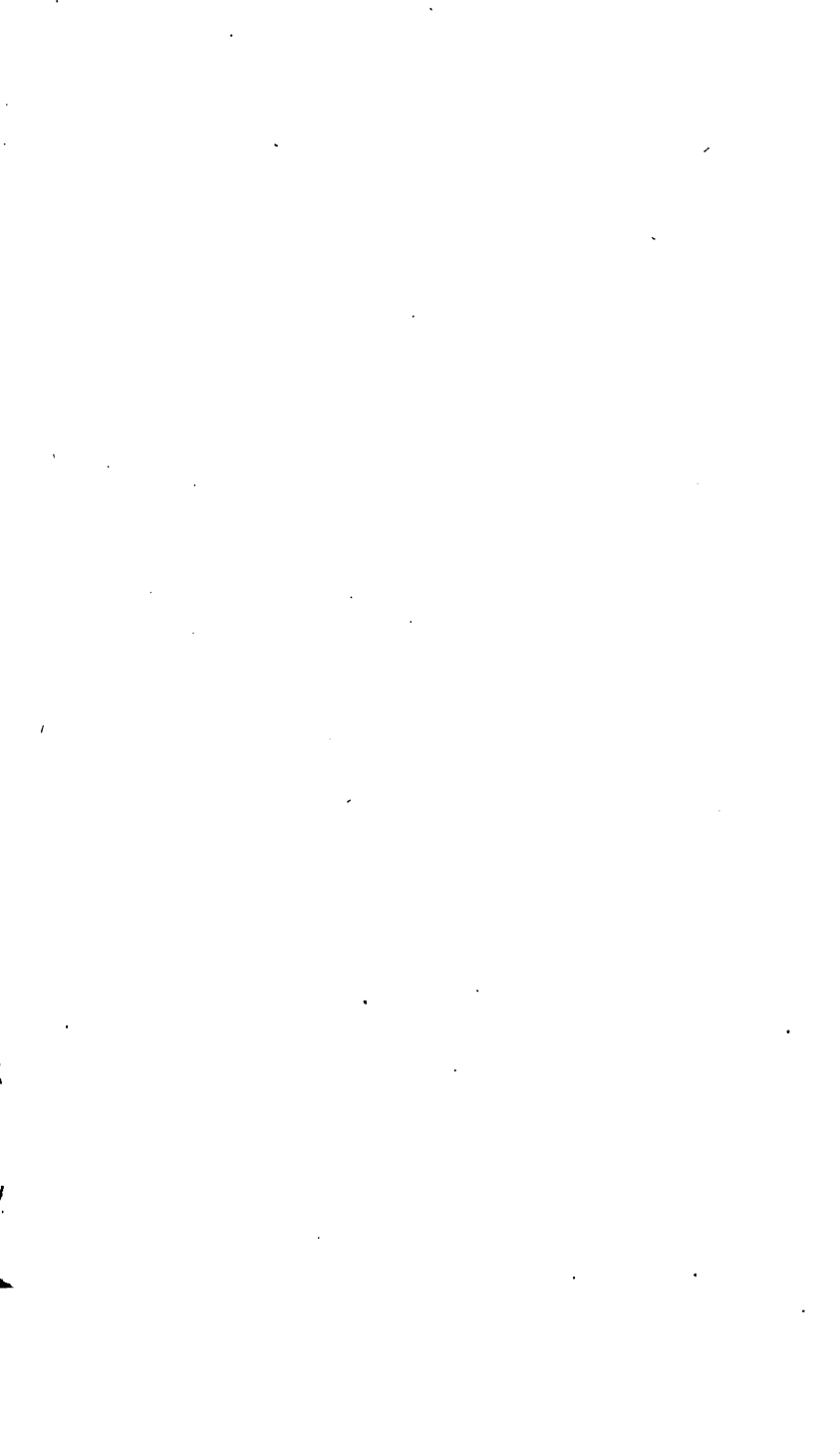


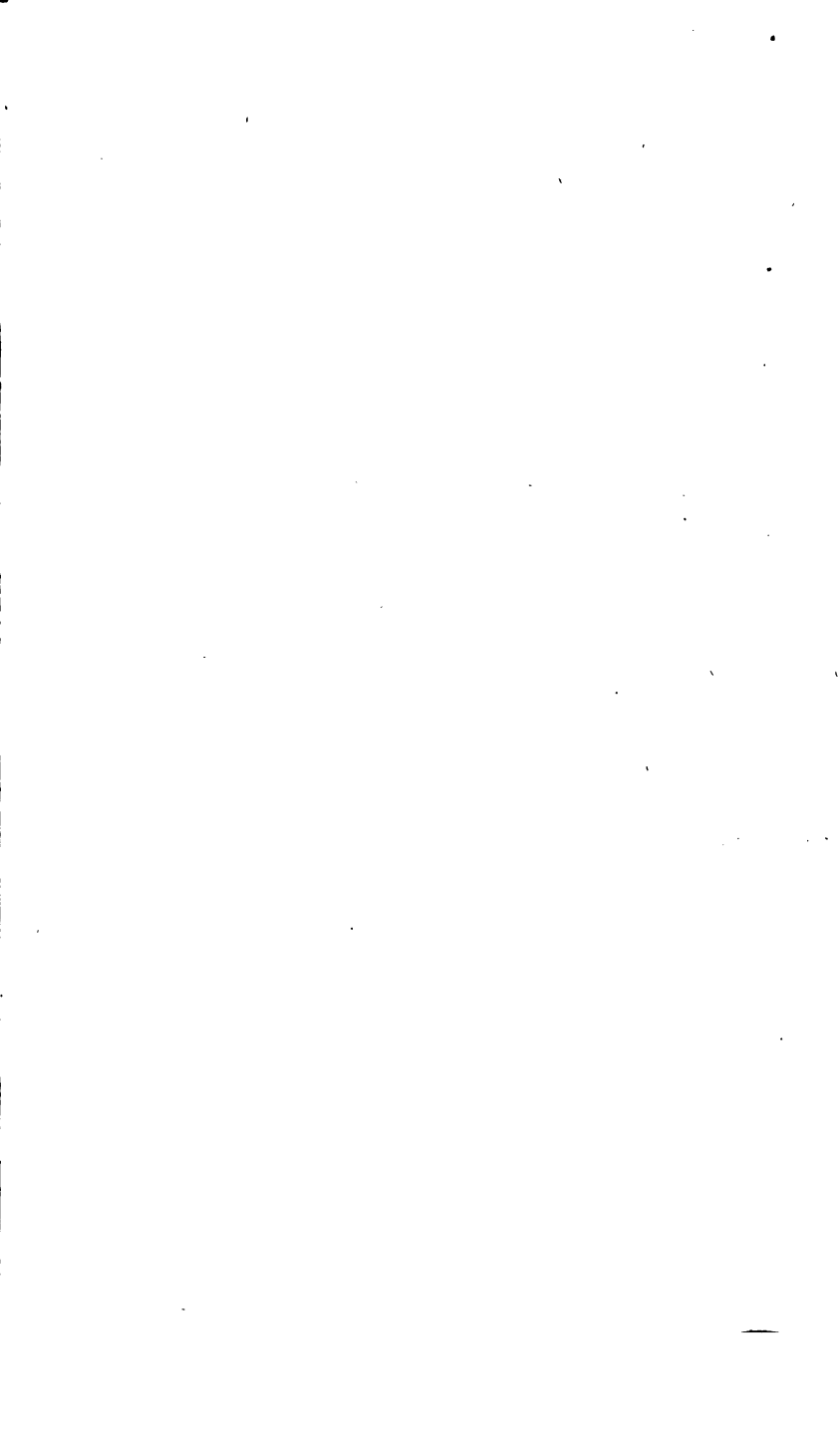


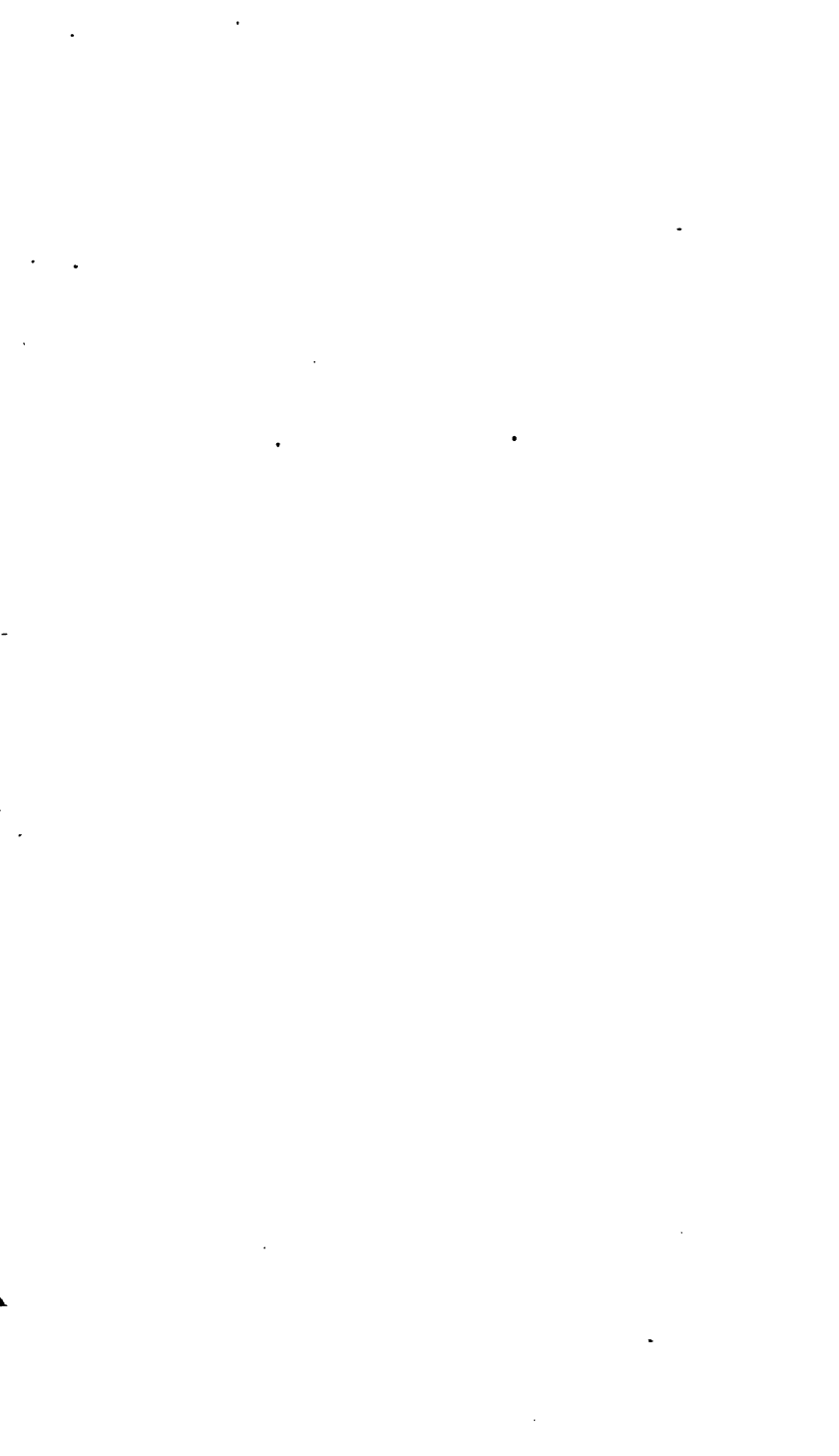


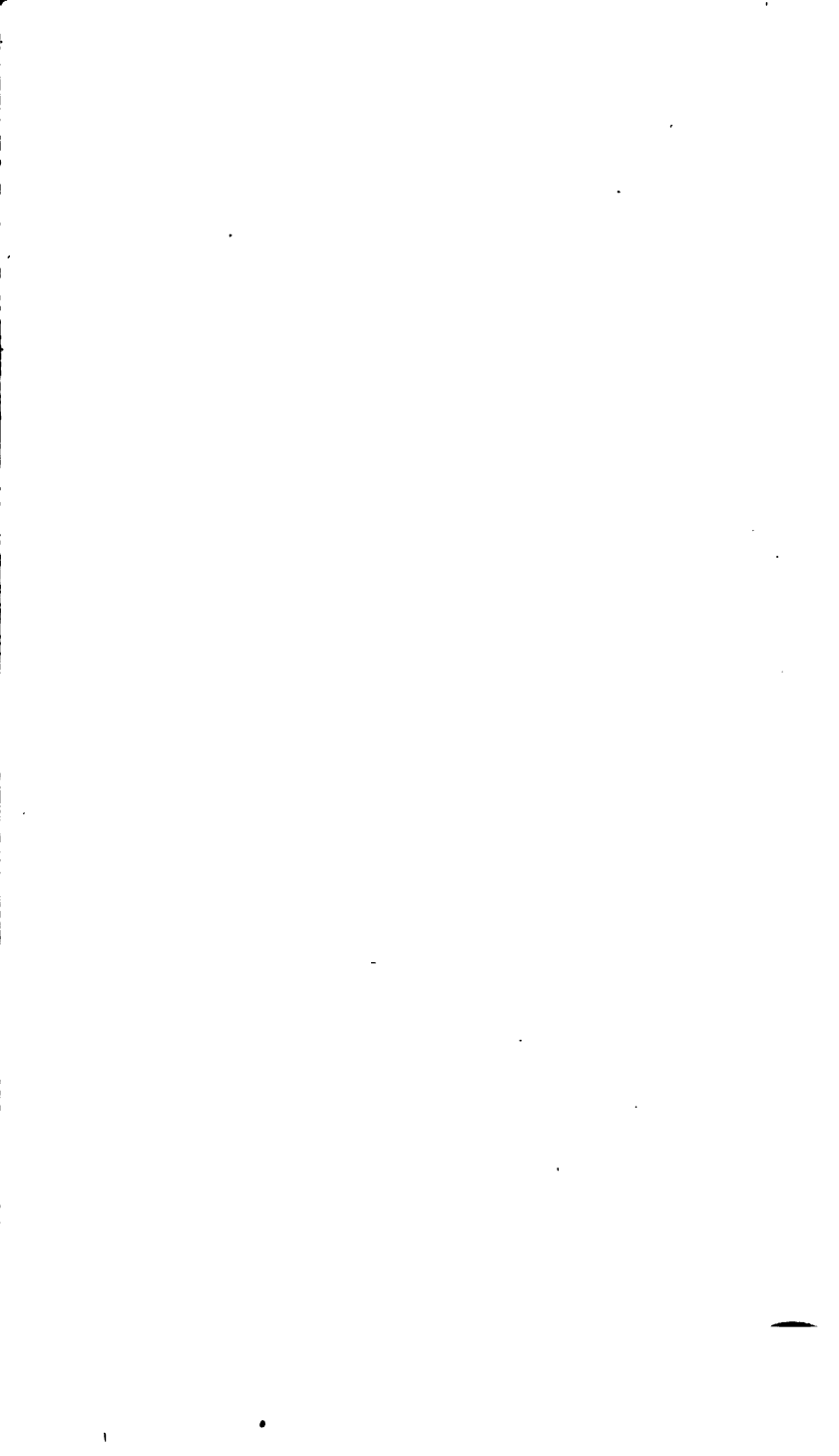


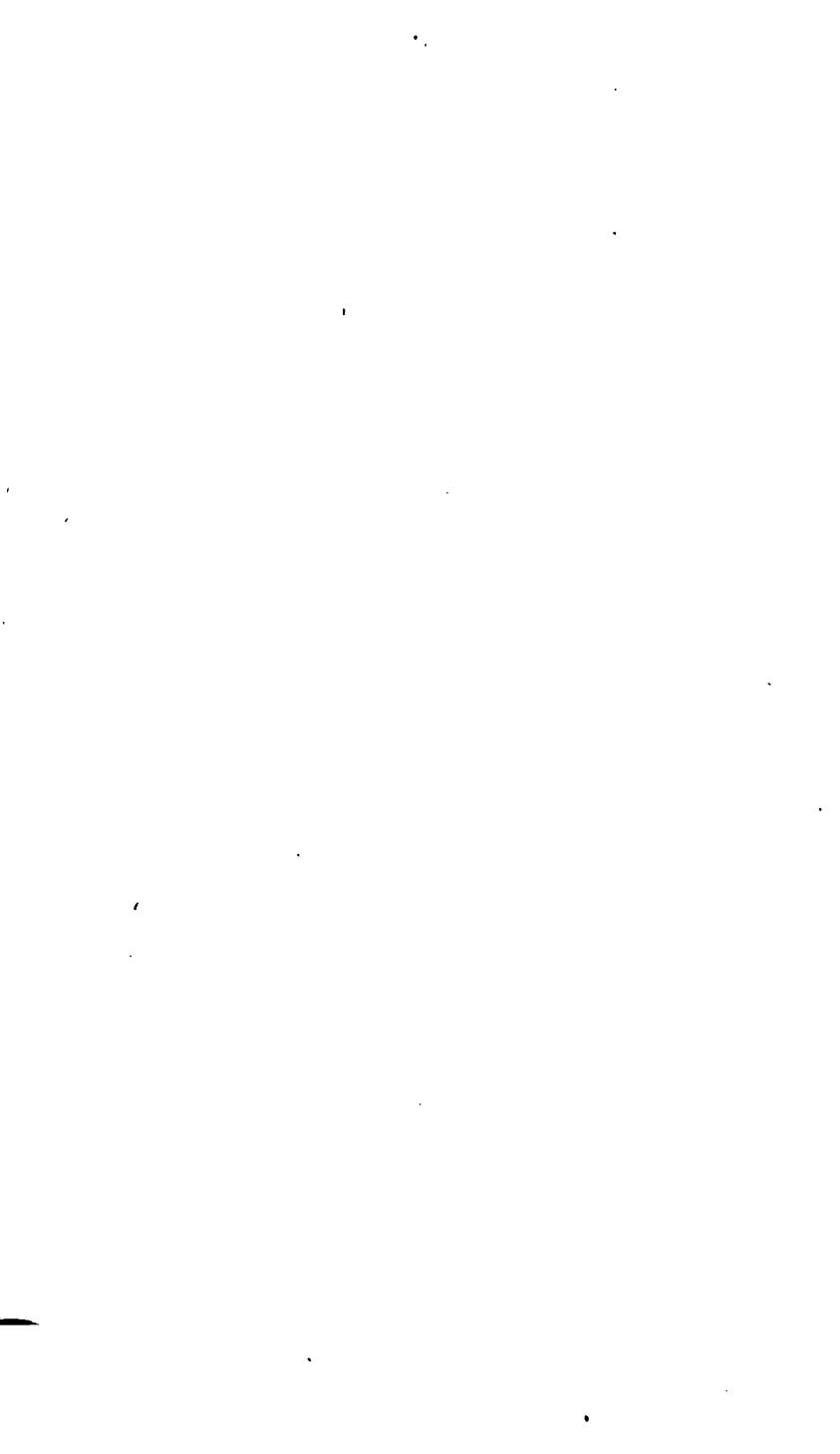




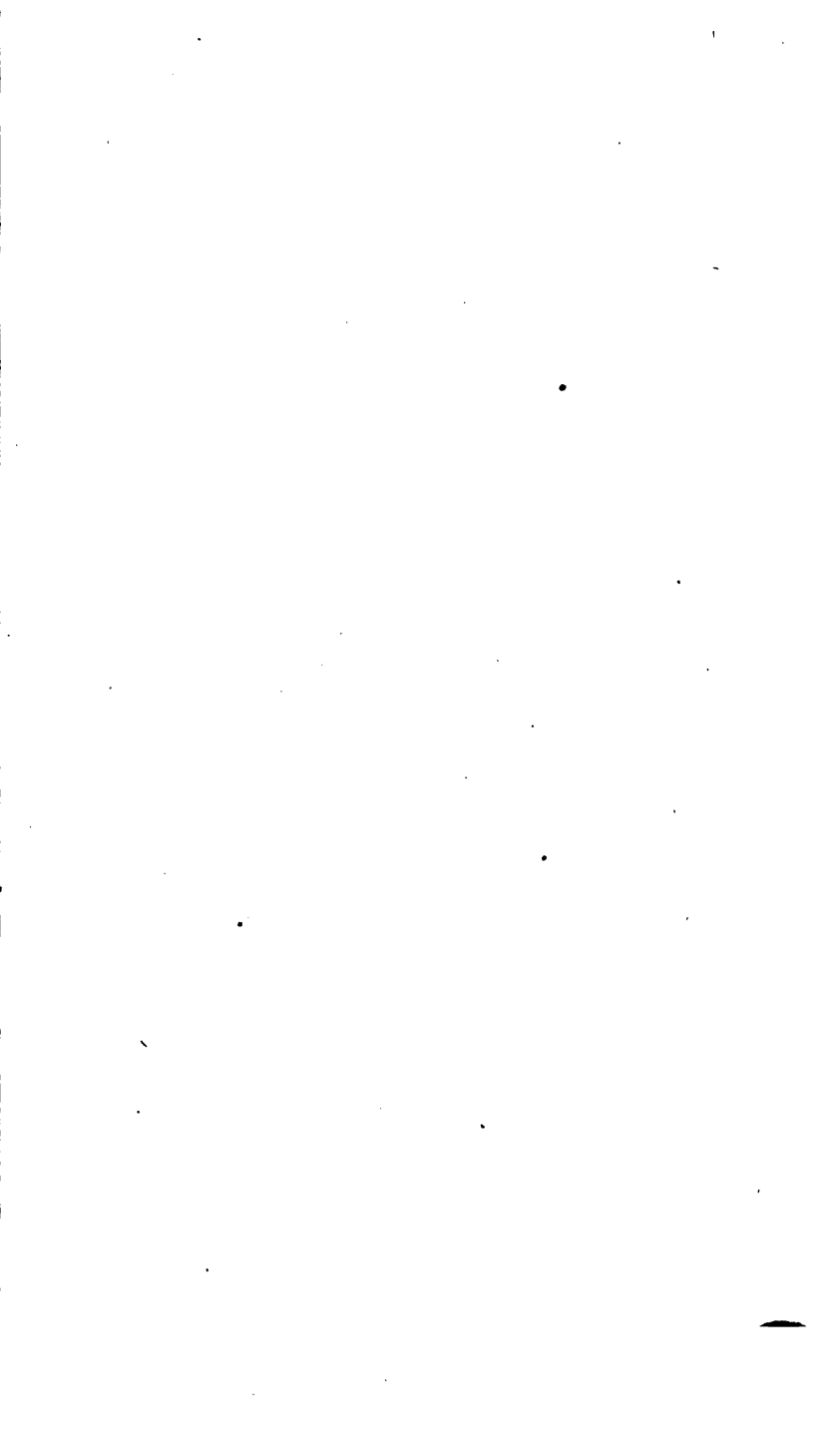




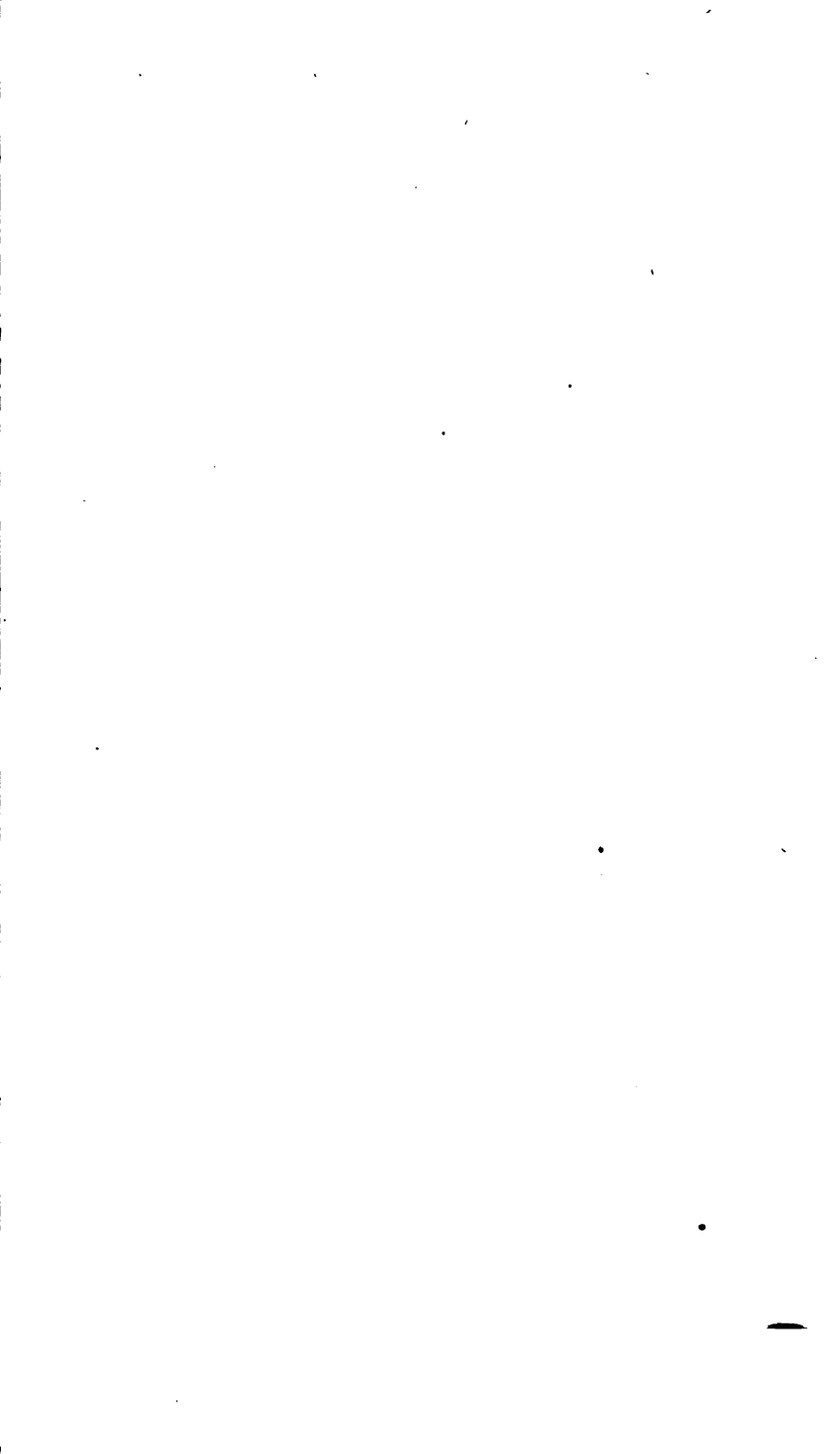




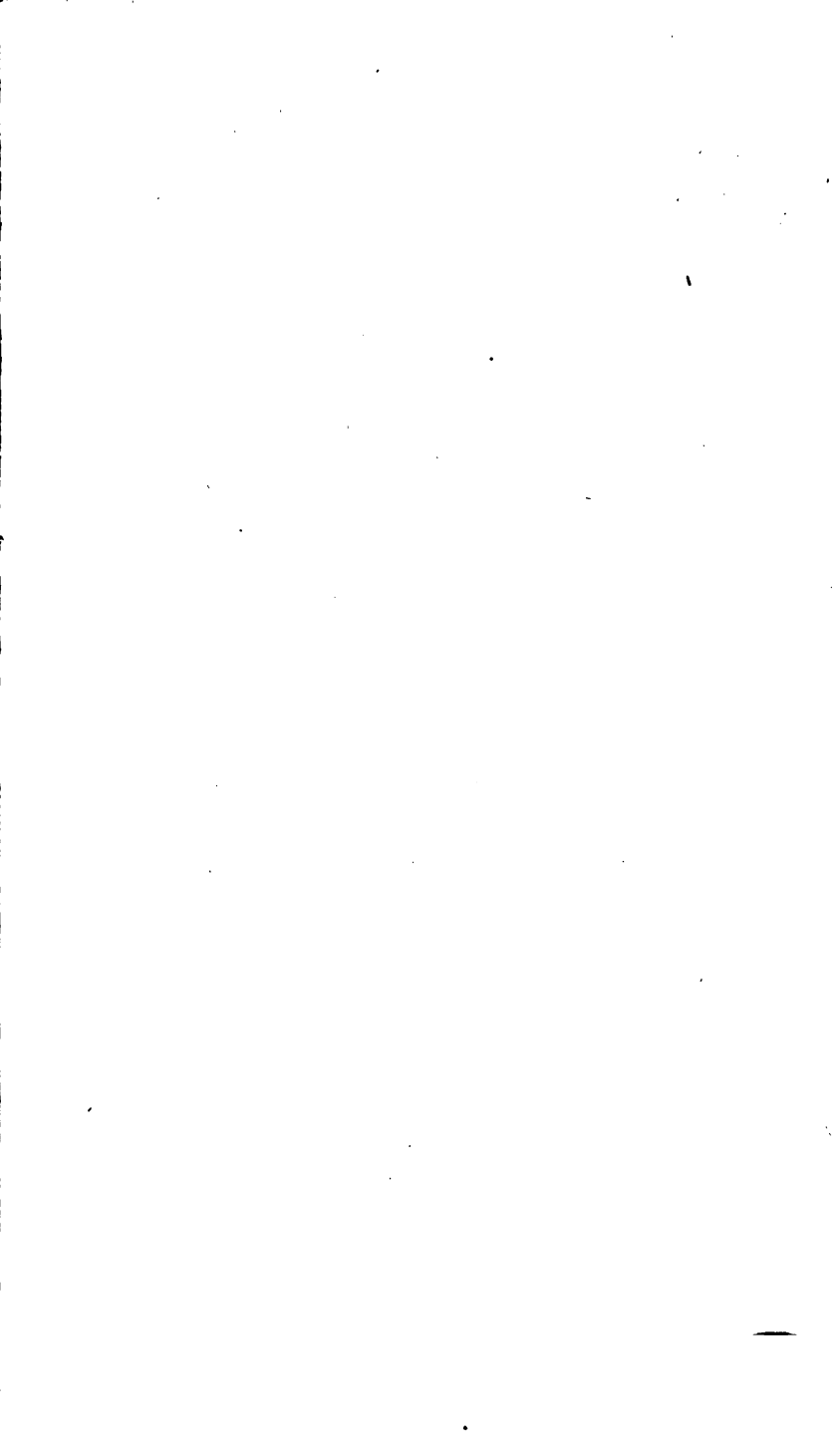


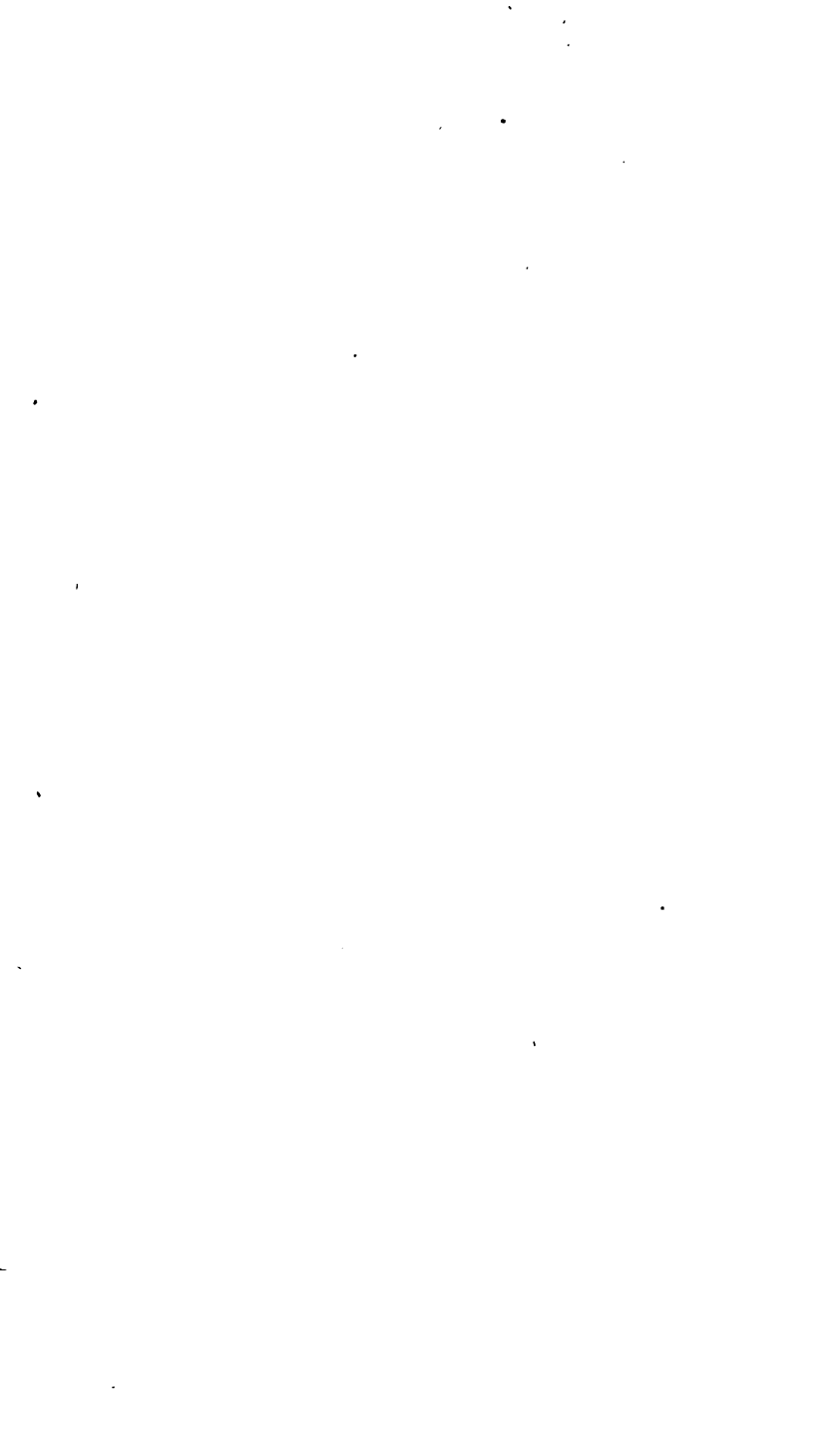


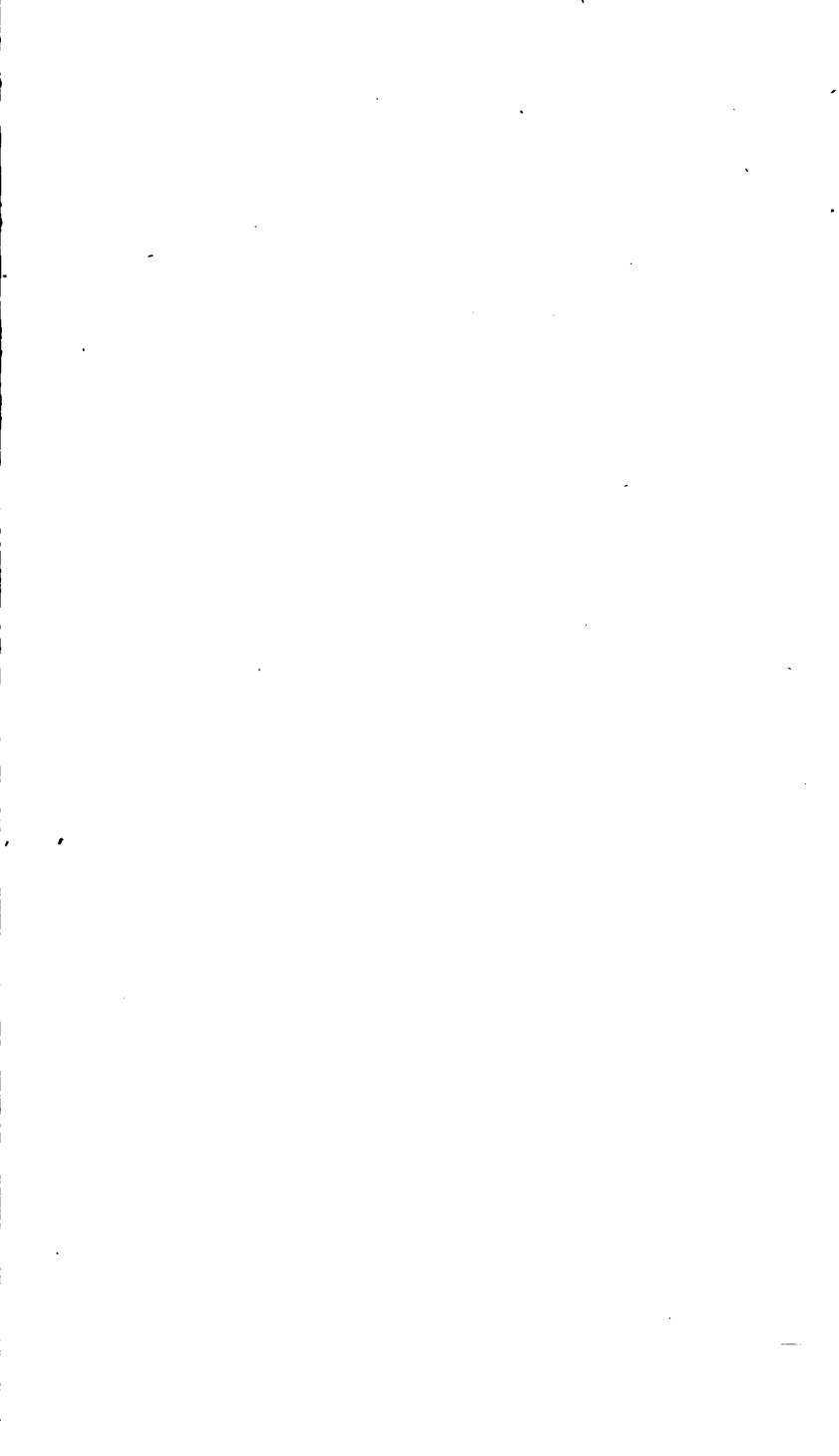






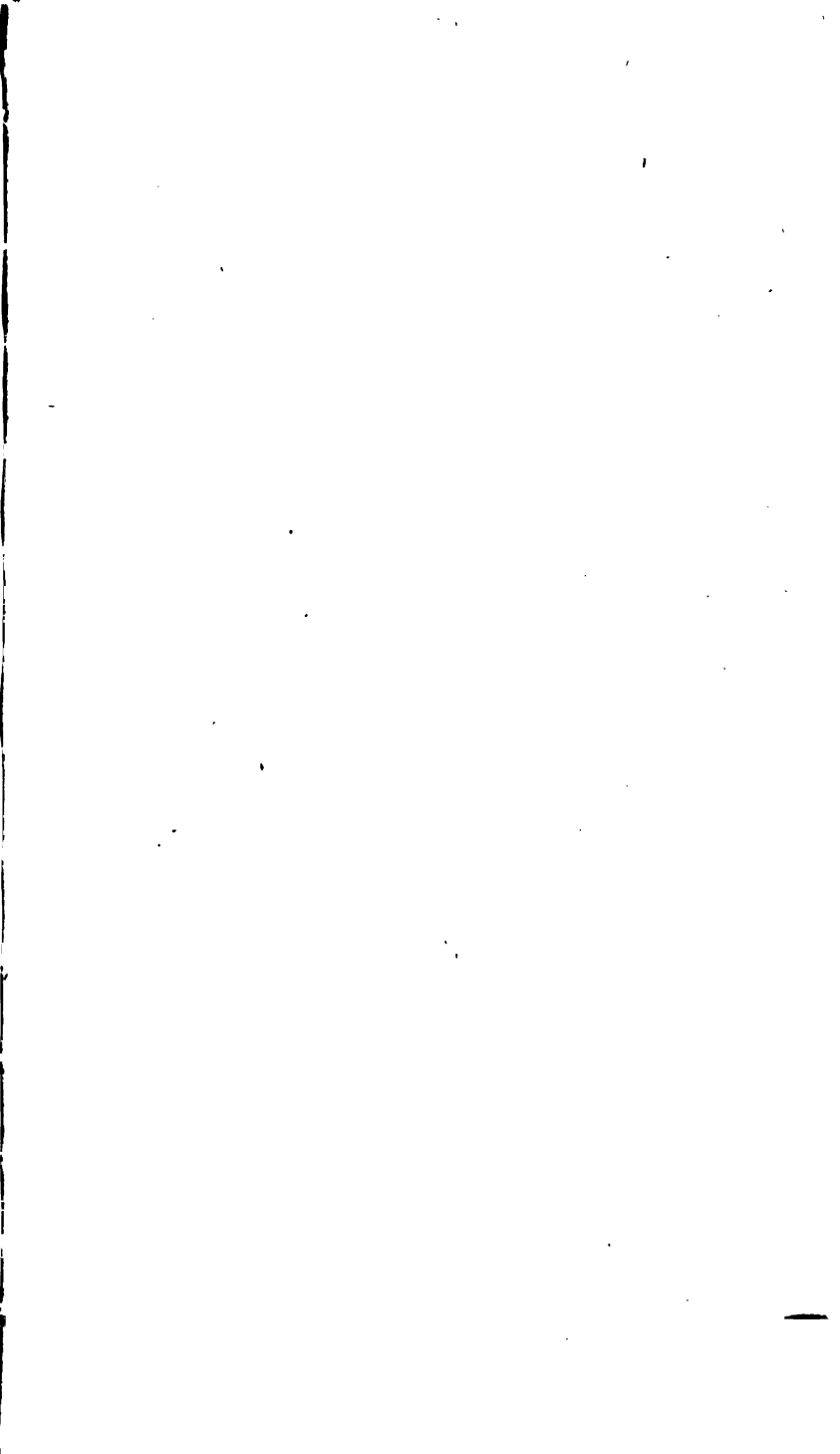






















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